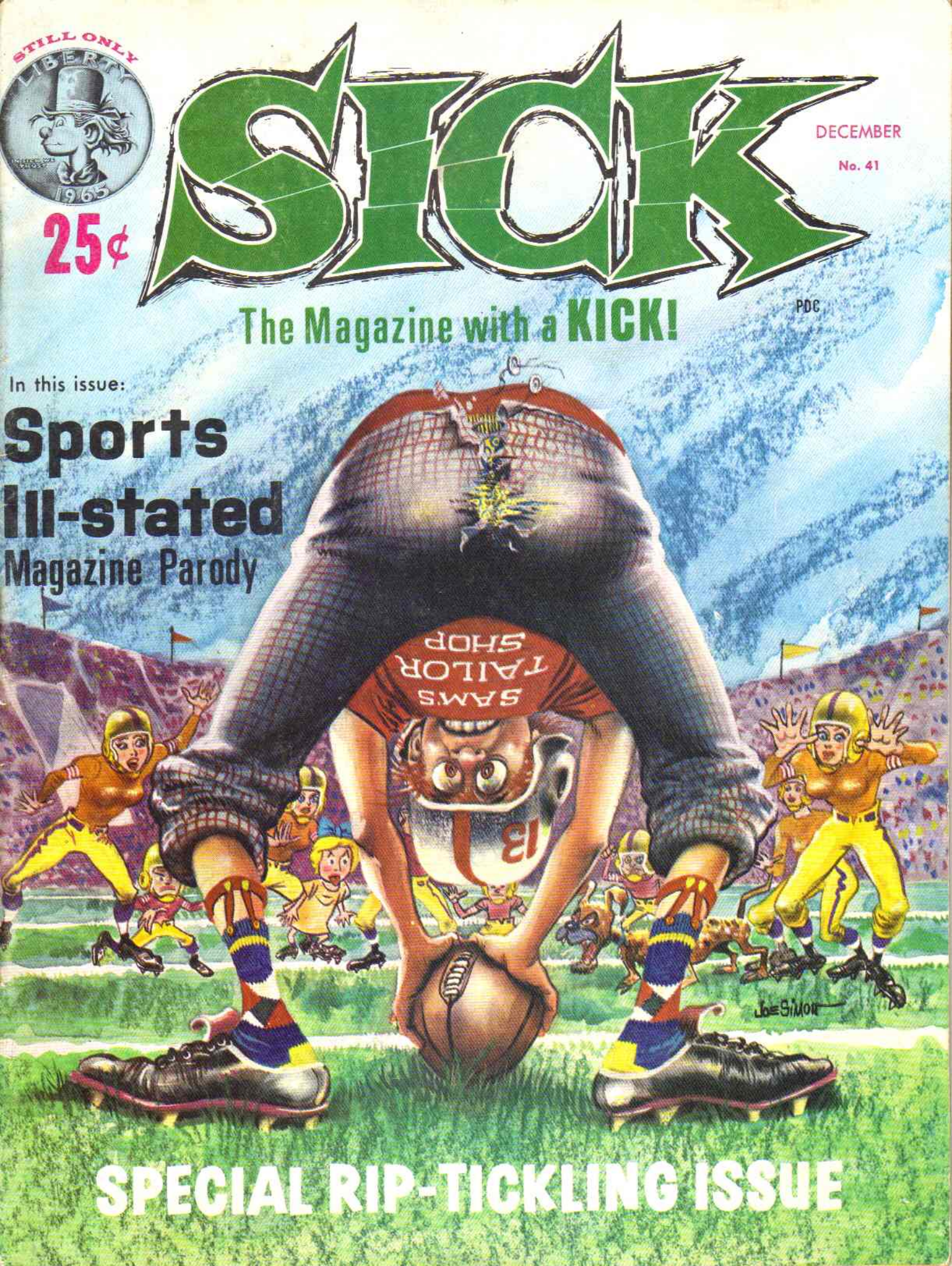
STILL ONLY
LIBERTY
1965
25¢
SICK
DECEMBER
No. 41
The Magazine with a KICK!
PDC
In this issue:
Sports
Ill-stated
Magazine Parody
SAM'S TAILOR SHOP
13
Joe Simon
SPECIAL RIP-TICKLING ISSUE

SICK AMERICA'S NUMBER 2 MAGAZINE

FIRST WITH THE '66 New Year's Party

(Continued on page 51)

"The Interns"
Columbia Pictures

Jerry the "J"

Inside TV

Sports Ill-stated

Dracula's kid

SICK

No. 41

Vol. 6 No. 1 December, 1965

JERRY THE J

A report on the big hassle over a recent TV Show the government sponsored to help High School Dropouts — but which caused many already in school to leave. After reading this report we guarantee that you still won't know like, what's happening baby! ..... 4 .. 12

IN-OUT DOORS

A swinging article which tells you which doors are "in" and which are "out" — naturally, apartment house doors are "in" doors and doghouse doors are "out" doors. If an emergency arises while you're reading this feature it's the last door at the end of the page. 20

THE TRUTH ABOUT PACKAGING

If you're complaining about the misleading packaging you find in your stores today you'll complain even worse about this misleading article you find in this magazine today. 15

SPORTS ILL-STATED

This is the magazine parody to end all magazine parodies — especially for us if they find out we did it. 31

MOVIE SPOOF: BILLIE

The review of a new teenage film that will have them all screaming in the aisles — for their money back. We're speaking of the review, not the movie itself. This film is unusual in that it's the only teenage picture today that hasn't got Annette Funicello in it. 42

CLOD BUBBLEGUM CARDS

This article comes up with the idea that instead of having heroes on Bubblegum Cards we should have clods — starting with the artist and writer who dreamed up the idea. If these cards catch on it'll be the first time kids will keep the bubblegum and throw the cards away. 48

Joe Simon, *Editor*... **Bob Powell**, *Art Director*... **Melissa Jane**, *Messages*

Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent*... **Jim Atkins**, *Washington Correspondent*

Jack Scott, *West Coast*
Angelo Torres, *Pa.*

Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*
Bob Elliott, *Space*

Leo Willette, *Louisiana*
Jack O'Brien, *Florida*

Fred England, *Texas*
Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*

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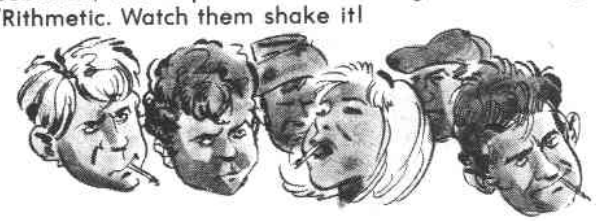
Jerry the "J"

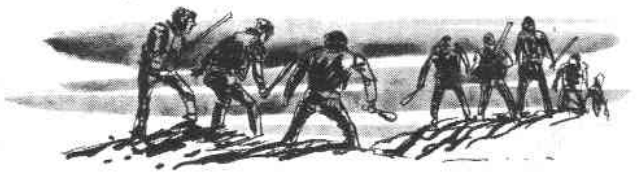
Yeah, baby, this is me, *Jerry the J* coming on strong to tell all you stay-at-homes to stay in school, don't play pool and don't be no fool, because that's what's happening, like.

I'm being brought to you through the courtesy of Uncle Sam, spending your Daddy's tax dollars to present this narrow-screen spectacular aimed at getting you street urchins back where you belong—looking at a pretty teacher's legs. Yeah, yeah!

And now, without further ado, let me present Tina Odalisque and her Seven Hours playing School Days, subtitled, The Importance of Reading and Writhing and 'Rithmetic. Watch them shake it!

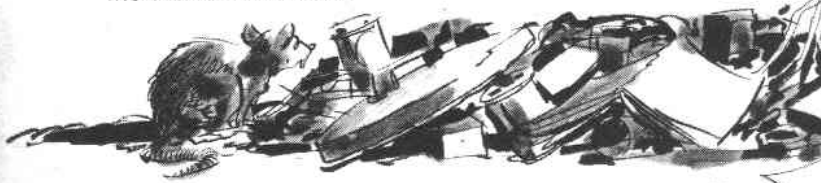


Fab, fab! That's hip talk, baby. But me and Uncle Sam want to tell you low-forehead types that school ain't cruel, it's good for you. I want to burn home a real message-type message, chicks and swingers about education and all that jazz, like, but before I do, here's Fats Benswanger and his Tension-Builders playing and singing for your pleasure their hit from yesterday, "Don't Kiss Me When My Back Is Turned and I Won't Tell the Truth About You." Go, Fats!



Just want to say something about Fats and his six-man group. Between the six they got a total of 27 years of grade schooling. The guitar is the only one with a diploma. Yeah, yeah! Ain't that electric?

I want to talk to you gates about violence, bopping and stuff. That's out. Especially you bachelor bad-boys. Do you want to end up in a home for unwed muggers? Of Course not. You go to school because that's the cool thing that's happening all over the place. And now, the Addict Poet, Nicholas Hophead, will perform for you. It's entitled "Untitled Hallucination" and it's a special request for Sergeant Pat Clancy and all the boys down at the Narcotics Bureau.



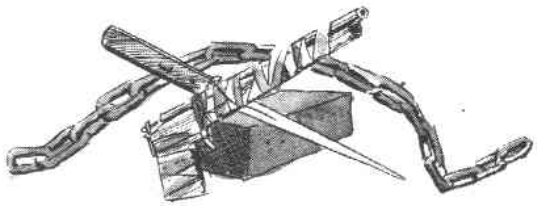
Yes, this is Jerry the J, brought to you by Big Daddy, Uncle Sam, the man with the billfold. This handout is all free, gratis, all that stuff. We're aiming for another one of these galas next week gang and I'll bring my cohorts, Mac Cohort, Leo the L, Harry the H and Perry the SOB, he's my producer and director and a fink and a big drop-out to boot. And now, the fabulous Marie Climax singing her torchy lament, "Bang, Bang, Bang, Went The Trollop."

and the USA

SEE PAGE 12

SCRIPT BY BILL MAJESKI

Yes, she's fab, fab! Wait in the car, Marie. Okay, that brings me back to dropouts. My uncle was a dropout. He heard a gunshot and he had to drop out of a third floor window to escape. I could have said fourth floor, but that's another story. Like my jokes, youthful ones? Yeah, yeah! And now, the Fabulous Muscatel Nine from Sheboygan, Louisiana, singing and playing and rendering for you their all-time hit, "All-Time Hit!" And one, and two...



Like that's the way it were, yeah! And don't forget Uncle Sam is making this all possible. It's part of a cultural exchange. Next week Russia is sending over its seven leading teen-age drunks. They'll do the Moscow Reel, right here on stage and remember, it's your daddies' tax dollars that make it all possible. So when you go home tonight, out of appreciation, don't hit him.

And now, for your semi-illiterate pleasure, Janice Farthingale and her Pleasure Dispensers will sing and play, "I Don't Know Where the Sun Goes at Night, but the Daughter is Staying at My Pad." Play, Janice.

Yes, gates, that's their latest hit recorded on Ad Nauseum Records and I want you to know Janice went to high school. She went there, didn't like what she saw, turned around and learned to play the musical saw. She sawed off her left leg while learning, so that shows the joys of sticking to it. Hop over here and take a bow, Janice. That's enough.

Just think, gangs, that bright song cost Uncle Sam about two thousand to beam to you, because that's like it am.

Art by Angelo Torres

Epilogue: Statement from the U.S. Government:

"The program was a success. Seven hundred dropouts went back to school. They said they didn't want to grow up talking like Jerry the J."

What? Oh . . . time's up. Uncle Sam and his Social Swingers must be running out of loot. Next month we'll be back for another public service program aimed at weapon wielders. All you shiv stickers, kniferinos, gun bearers, gun molls, cannon-toters and needle nudgets, tune in. We want you all to consider joining a special branch of the Government—the Peace Corps.

Before we go, here's Harry Heroin and his Happy Hipsters playing and singing for you their fabulous hit, "Why Did Little Miss Muffet Take Her Curds and Whey Intravenously?"

Bye, bye, baby. This is Jerry the J saying that's like what's going on all the time.

Sickcerely Yours:

Dear Sirs:

As I was reading your latest issue, I became interested in your ads under the section known as 'Darnbeat'.

I am particularly interested in learning how to play the Musical Comb. The ad says that I could learn how to play it overnight. I would appreciate it very much if you could get in contact with the:

FLY-BY-Night Music School
Park Bench No. 7
Central Park, N.Y.

I have tried several times but my letters always come back with "change-of-address" stamped across it.

Michael Henderson
415 North Sunset Dr.
New Smyrna Beach, Florida

Ed: They moved. Try Park Bench No. 8

Dear Headless Sicklings:

I would like to know where that distorted clod, Frederick Devine Jr. gets the nerve to sound off on Mr. Presley. He was singing before those goof ball Rolling Stones ever began to gather moss, and as for Herman's Hermits they should be locked up for distorting music.

A Legal Elvis Fan
186 Great Neck Rd.,
Waterford, Conn.

P.S. Frederick Devine Jr. is a —— of a neighbor and everyone that lives next to him, knows it. I dare you to print what I have just said in your great magazine.

Ed: Okay; Frederick Devine Jr. is a —— of a neighbor.

Dear Sick,

I would like Sick back issues—please send me a list of all the back issues I can have. I will pay the price.

Knox White
634 E. Faris Rd.
Greenville, S. Carolina

ED: Here is the list:

Dear Sick,

Why don't you do a story on how they make Sick Magazine.

Robert Korman
Le Center, Minn.

Ed: Sorry, we don't do sick material.

Dear Yanks:

I often read your trashy magazine. But this is the limit. Just who do you bums think you are attempting to conduct a schoolroom? For all we know you clods are a bunch of nursery school dropouts.

And as for that Huckleberry Fink...he must be a reproduction of ED. Something that homely couldn't be taken out of the imagination.

I think the "Sick Schoolroom" on page 38 of the February issue is an insult to the Southern States and you cotton pickin yankee bums had better apologize, or the SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN.

Eric Newton
2762 Tucuman
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Ed: When did the South move to Argentina?

Dear Sirs:

In your August issue of Sick magazine I saw a price list of various items for only $879 (to take care of postage). The enclosed money is for the list. Send it as soon as possible.

Franny Johnson & Diane Robinson
1305 Woodmont Avenue
New Kensington, Penn.

ED: We'll send you the change as soon as we print it.

Dear Sick,

You sure are!!

Judie Burk
1993 Durango
Los Angeles, Calif.

ED: We are what?

Dear Sick-as

In regard to those two escapees from a mental hospital, Wayman and Devine, I would like to say when the Rolling Stones and Herman's Hermits have disappeared like so many other rock 'n roll groups of the past, Elvis will still be making movies and records like crazy. Oh, by the way, Fred, why pick on Elvis just because your hearing aid doesn't work anymore. As for Dave Wayman, I thought people like him went out with the ice age.

Keep up the hard hitting satire in your magazine. Never go soft like your competitors.

A Sick Fan forever,
Michael Jones
4522 Malden
Chicago, Illinois

Ed: We don't mind insults, just so long as you don't insult us!

Dear Sick:

In your September issue under "Status Symbols for Non-Status People" you had, under 'Secretaries,' 32-38-32 measurements. Since when do they make women like that?

John Zoesch
84 Craig Ave.
Madison, Wisconsin

Ed: You've never seen our secretary.

Dear Editors,

"I am a mature teenager, I am a mature teenager," I repeat over and over as I walk past the magazine stand at the drug store. Then a gaudy, glittery, colorful item catches my eye. No, it's not your magazine, it's the Sunday Funnies My eyes (they're blue by the way) rove over the books and I spy a book that would interest you... but by far doesn't interest me. No it's not Sick, it's Playboy. My eyes continue looking when they happen, by pure chance, upon a Sick magazine covered by other items not mentioning names because you might get sort of mad if I did. Naturally I repeated, "I am a mature teenager...with a level head... with...a quarter." So naturally I buy it. Is there any cure?

Ann Stover
519 S. 15 1/5 St.
Reading, Pa.

Ed: We're just thankful that you didn't have 30 cents.

Dear Sick!

I agree with Mike Marchal about the Dallas Police. They must be a very good police force or the people of Dallas would be the first to clean it up, and just because of one or two incidents, that is no reason to crucify them. They like everyone else were adly shaken. After all

they are human, and could easily make mistakes!

Somebody would think that the editor is Robert Welsh, you lousy conservatives. In a lot of your issues you attacked Barry Goldwater. Atlhough he was not my choice for president, and I know little about politics, I do know that stories about him were greatly exaggerated, and your stories head the list!

Another big thing in your magazine was a story called Big Cars vs. Small Cars. In it you said that a car must have been made in West Berlin because it was built like a brick wall. Anyone who thinks this is funny is a poor human being. The Berlin wall is a very serious subject and should never be laughed at!

One more thing, in the movie spoof of Gunfighter, you made nine jokes about Yul Brynner and his not having any hair. Everybody (and I'm sure Mr. Brynner) is so sick of hearing such jokes. One or two are one or two too many, but nine!

Jim Lyons
4435 Garfield Street
Wash., D.C.

Ed: Aside from that, how did you like the magazine?

Editor:

I have read four copies of Sick. Please send me an autographed photo of yourself so that I can throw darts at it.

Brant Livermore
64 Yannada Rd.
Pennant Hills
Sydney, Australia

Ed: Okay, Brant, we'll send Joe to Sydney.

Like, Dear SICK:

I enjoy your magazine very much. The front of your Feb. issue was a scream. On the back of your Feb. issue was a cover that said "Top U.S. Military Secrets," it said you could turn the book upside down with the back of the book facing this side out. I tried this and boy did I have some laughs. I hope you keep publishing SICK, it's a great magazine.

Bobbi Hurst
Broadlands, Ill.

P.S. I'll be watching for the next issue of SICK.

ED: The next issue came out two months ago.

Dear Sick,

I think SICK is pretty good, but my Grandmother disagrees with me. She thinks, that if people read your magazine long enough it will drive them crazy. I agree with her in some respects.

Some of the stories must be written by a very SICK person, namely you. And if I was one of those people you wrote about I would try to file a law-suit against your writers. I guess nothing would happen to your writers except they would be sent to a "HAPPY FARM" or CRAZY HOUSE.

Ronnie Allen Davis
General Delivery
Morehouse, Mo.

Ed: We'll forward this letter to our writers at "The Farm."

Dear Sir,

I have just bought my first edition of your magazine. I think it's fabulous. I have tried reading (cuckoo!) And.(cuckoo!) but neither can compare with the humor of Sick!

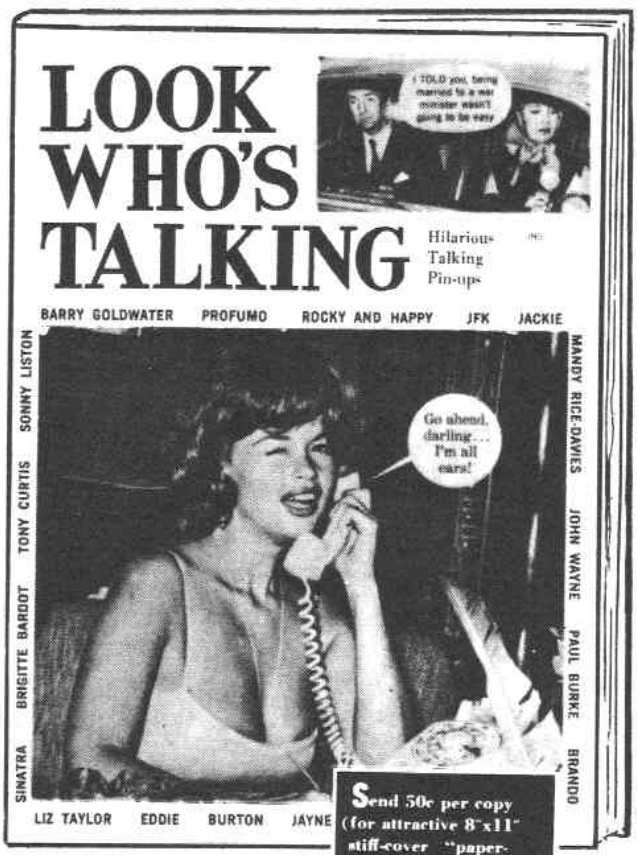
Scott Martin
W. Willard Dr.
Novelty, Ohio

Ed: You get closer shaves with Sick.

for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

You'll want to save this memorable PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT sparkled over an adoring nation

Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"



Send 50c per copy (for attractive 8"x11" stiff-cover "paperback" volume) to "Look Who's Talking," 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

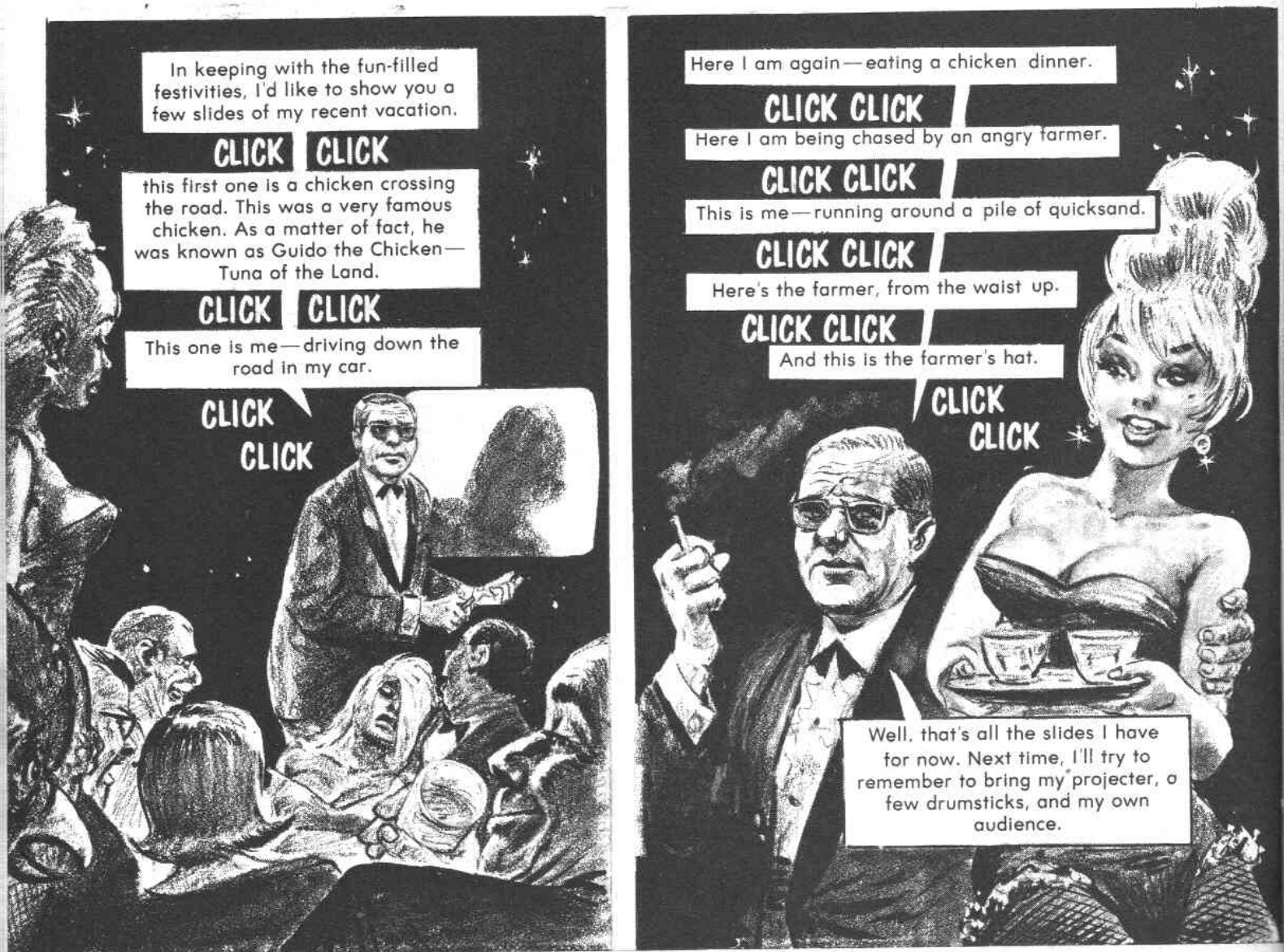
HOW TO BE A WITHOUT REAL

It has been said that a good comedian doesn't need funny material...all he needs is a funny style. But, no matter how hard we try to convince the comedians of this, they still refuse to buy our material.

So, in order to prove our point, we are going to take one of the oldest jokes in creation and show how some of America's leading laugh-getters could actually make this corny joke seem funny.

JOKE(?): Why did the chicken cross the road? Answer: To get to the other side!

JACKIE VERNON


In keeping with the fun-filled festivities, I'd like to show you a few slides of my recent vacation.
CLICK CLICK
this first one is a chicken crossing the road. This was a very famous chicken. As a matter of fact, he was known as Guido the Chicken—Tuna of the Land.
CLICK CLICK
This one is me—driving down the road in my car.
CLICK CLICK
Here I am again—eating a chicken dinner.
CLICK CLICK
Here I am being chased by an angry farmer.
CLICK CLICK
This is me—running around a pile of quicksand.
CLICK CLICK
Here's the farmer, from the waist up.
CLICK CLICK
And this is the farmer's hat.
CLICK CLICK
Well, that's all the slides I have for now. Next time, I'll try to remember to bring my projecter, a few drumsticks, and my own audience.

COMEDIAN

LY TRYING

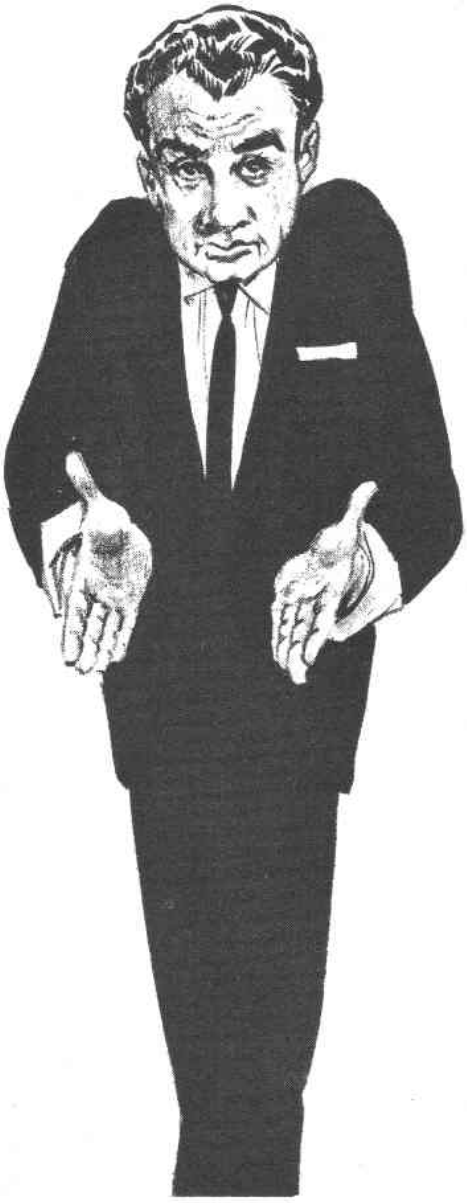
Art by Bob Powell

Script by Calvin Castine

BILL DANA

My name—Jose Jimeniz. An' I hem going to tell you an old hoke about a cheecken who crossed the road to get on the other side. That's a berry funny hoke, you know. But you're not laughing.

Why you not laughing? You don't like my hokes? Do you know what I'm a-going to do? Hi'm going back-stage. I plan to cry a lot, too.



JACKIE MASON

Do you know what this is? It's a chicken's comb. I should drop dead if I'm lying. Now, I ask you, is that vulgar? Do you know what this chicken did? He came all the way across the road just to see me. I'm such a big hit, that I even laugh at my own jokes. Personally, I think chickens are dangerous. If you're attacked by a worm, you call a chicken, right? But, if you're attacked by a chicken, what can you do? Call a worm?! Do you know what I'm talking about?

Don't go away, we're going to have some entertainment right after my act. I know this has been a real thrill for you to be here and to see me. And, if you feel like applauding, please don't save if for the end. I may never quit! You see, I don't need you, you don't need me, and...etc..etc...

BILL COSBY

When we wuz young, we use to have a football team. But we couldn't afford a real football so we'd use Shorty Schwartz's baby brother. We'd throw him around—once in a while we'd drop him but Shorty didn't mind, just so he didn't have to baby-sit with him. One boy on our team had an I.Q. of about 747—which wasn't bad for a four-year-old.

After Shorty's brother got too big, we started using a chicken for the ball. Every morning, this chicken would walk across the street and crow. You gotta admit that's pretty unusual for a chicken.

But, one day the chicken didn't crow, and everybody wondered what had happened to it. It seems some idiot came driving by in his car and...

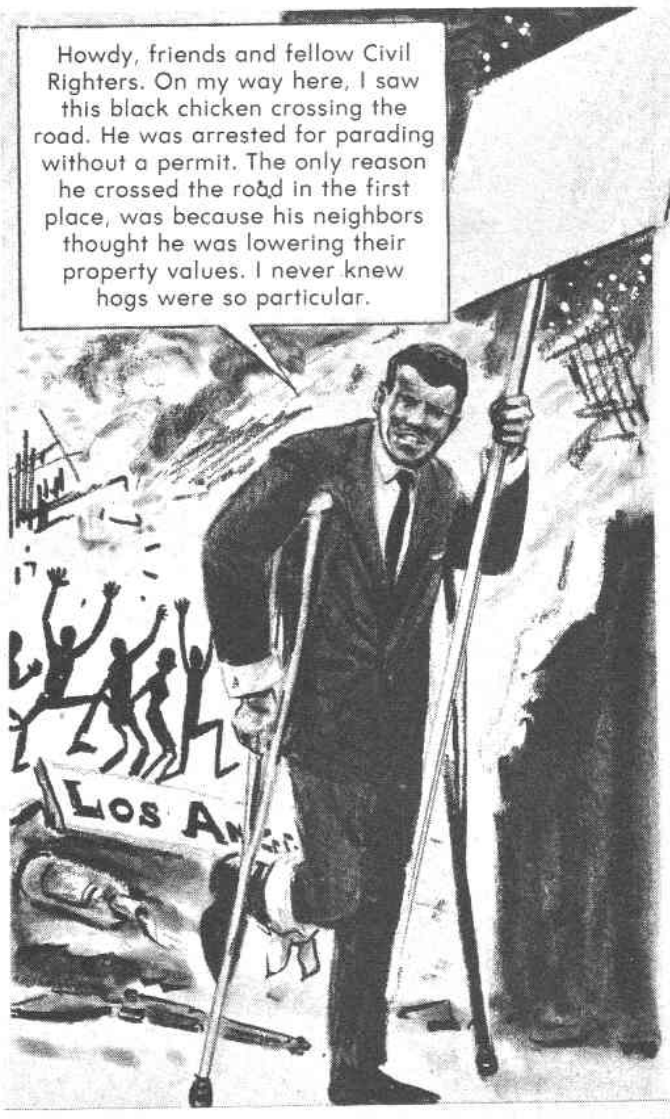
ALLEN & ROSSI

"Sir!"
"Hello, dere!"
"Aren't you the famous chicken farmer? The one who has the chicken that has successfully crossed the road 583 times without once getting hit by a car!"
"No, I'm Ringo's mother!"
"That's funny??"

BOB HOPE

I've never played a chicken coop before. Down here, if you lay an egg, nobody notices. I've given up going around and playing for troops. From now on, I'm doing this type of show. Next Halloween, I'm booked at a pumpkin patch, and then, on Thanksgiving, I'm scheduled to perform at a turkey farm.
A funny thing happened to me on my way here, I saw a chicken crossing the road. That's not funny, but it's the only chicken joke I know.

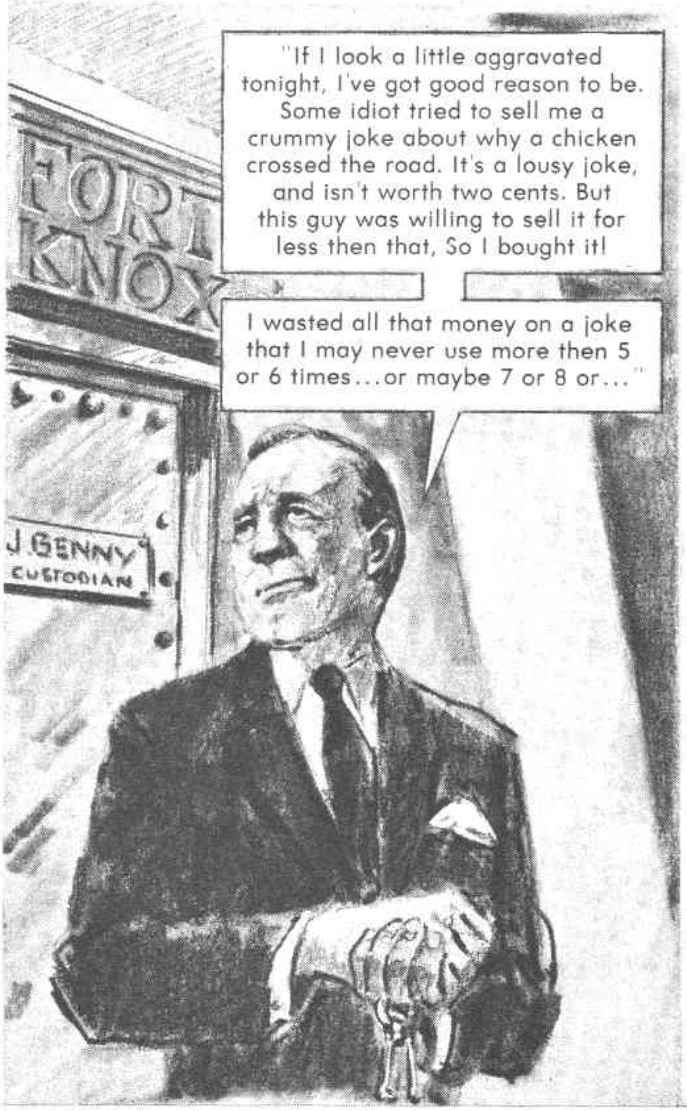
DICK GREGORY


Howdy, friends and fellow Civil Righters. On my way here, I saw this black chicken crossing the road. He was arrested for parading without a permit. The only reason he crossed the road in the first place, was because his neighbors thought he was lowering their property values. I never knew hogs were so particular.
LOS A

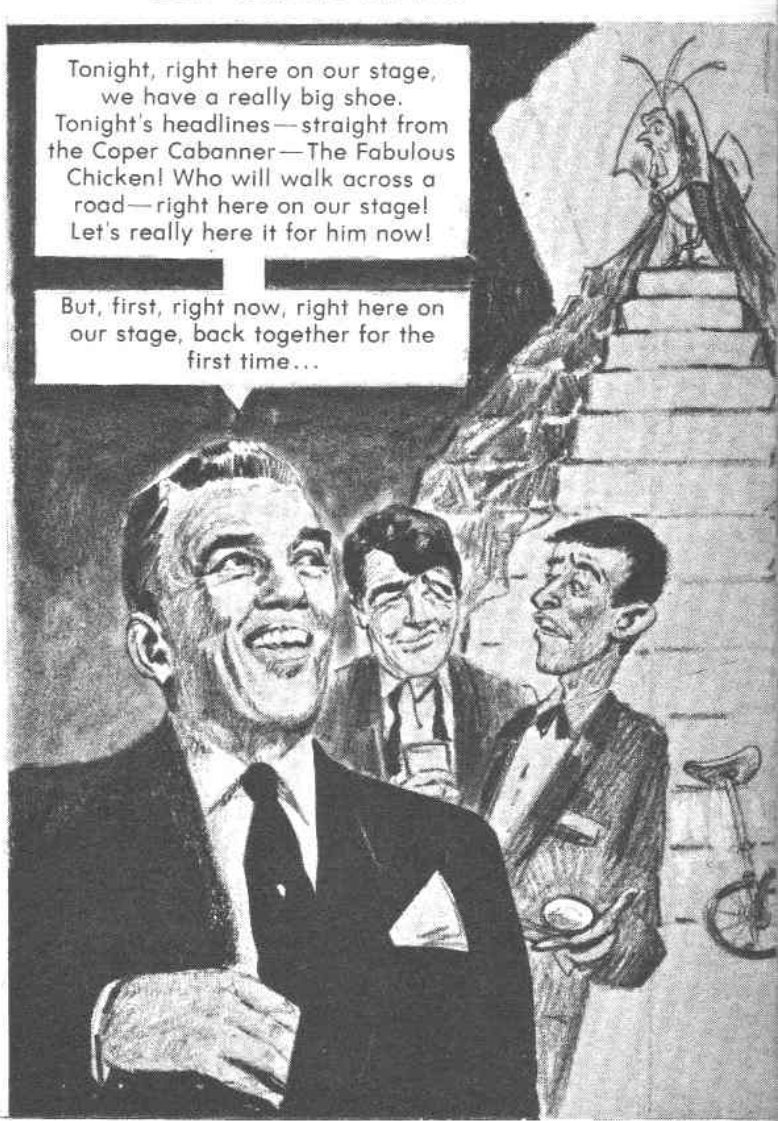
FRANK FOUNTAINE

Hello, Mr. Dunnahy.
Boy, Joe, have I ever got a riddle for you! Eeh! Eeh! Eeh! Why did the chicken cross the road?"
"Because there wasn't any place to park on his side of the street! Eeh! Eeh! Eeh!"

JACK BENNY


"If I look a little aggravated tonight, I've got good reason to be. Some idiot tried to sell me a crummy joke about why a chicken crossed the road. It's a lousy joke, and isn't worth two cents. But this guy was willing to sell it for less then that, So I bought it!
I wasted all that money on a joke that I may never use more then 5 or 6 times...or maybe 7 or 8 or..."
FORT KNOX
J. BENNY
CUSTODIAN

ED SULLIVAN


Tonight, right here on our stage, we have a really big shoe. Tonight's headlines—straight from the Coper Cabanner—The Fabulous Chicken! Who will walk across a road—right here on our stage! Let's really here it for him now!
But, first, right now, right here on our stage, back together for the first time...

ROCK AROUND THE DROPOUT

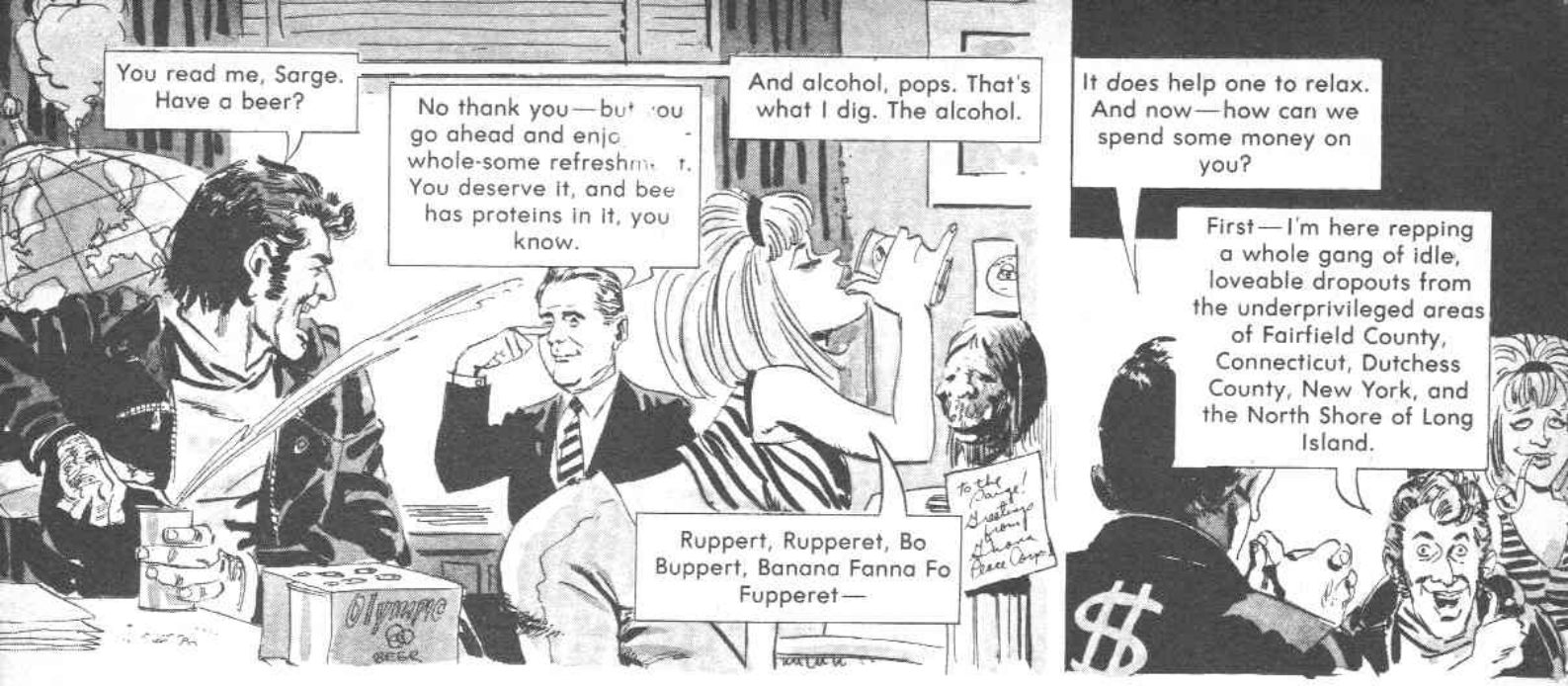
Republican and Democratic leaders alike, as well as great portions of the viewing public, were appalled by recent television programs sponsored by the governmental department headed by Sargeant Shriver. It was a rock program, MC'd by a DJ with a straw hat and a Southern accent who went by the name of Murray the K.

The chief complaint of those concerned centered around the fact that the very people to whom the program was addressed—the hard core dropouts—were invited to drop in on Shriver and tell him how they thought he should spend millions of dollars for their benefit.

Feeling that such a ridiculous offer is too good to pass by, we imagine something like this could happen in the very near future.

Script by Bob Elliott

Good morning, sir. May I help you?
Yeah, chickie. Like I'd like to see the head noncom. You know—with the three up and the three down. Sargeant Shriver.
Sargeant SHRIVER
Shriver, Shriver Bo Biver, BananaFanna Fo Fiver—
What is your business, sir?
I'd like to lay on the Sargeant how to spend some of that loot he's got layin' around. Like the invite he put out to us underprivileged kids. You dig?
Mr. Shriver is not a noncommissioned officer. His first name is Sargeant.
How weird can you get?
Sir—the first ones have arrived! Your controversial program is a success! Just wait 'til Dirksen hears about this. Just a moment sir.
What are your names?
I'm Dewlap Flagilappa, and she's Scherezade Sinfonetta.
How weird can you get?
Welcome, Mr.—ah—Flagilappa? And Miss Sinfonetta?
Love those all-American names! Real rock-bop-dropout! A credit to our youth. And now—understand you're here to tell me how to spend the taxpayers' money.


You read me, Sarge. Have a beer?
No thank you—but you go ahead and enjo whole-some refreshm t. You deserve it, and bee has proteins in it, you know.
And alcohol, pops. That's what I dig. The alcohol.
Ruppert, Rupperet, Bo Buppert, Banana Fanna Fo Fupperet—
Olympia BEER
It does help one to relax. And now—how can we spend some money on you?
First—I'm here repping a whole gang of idle, loveable dropouts from the underprivileged areas of Fairfield County, Connecticut, Dutchess County, New York, and the North Shore of Long Island.

Underprivileged? Those areas?
Right, Sarge. Our parents have disowned us and cut us off without a cent for incorrigibility, acts of vandalism, drunkenness, truancy, and holding orgies.

Poor kids. You are underprivileged! O.K Dewlap. You have a program?
You gotta know it. First—I'm president.
Of course. President of what?

The Group. We got this group together to fight the restrictions of our parents. So first we'll need a club house.
Wonderful. A club house where you can all join in and have community fun. How much do you think it will cost?

You worryin' about the loot already?
Speakin' of figures, your receptionist has a wild one, and she goes with the package.
I just need some figures.
Brigitte, will you come in please?

You're part of the package I'm making up for this young man, so collect two years severance pay, and report back.
Yes sir.
The couple that rocks together, Bach's together.
A VINCENT VAN GOGH-GOGH!

Now—this clubhouse. I guess we can build it for $250,000—give or take a few thousand.
Are you sure that will be adequate?
Will it be *what?*
Enough.
Sure. And look—when the arti—the arko—when the guy that draws the plans begins, tell him we'll need lots of bedrooms—like for visiting guests and like that.
Anything else?
We'll need a big room for our board meetings.
Splendid. Community projects, I presume.
I guess you'd call them that. Like we gotta plan which resorts we're gonna invade to start riots while people are enjoying a quiet week end on the beach.
It certainly will help to make the adults realize that our restless youth is on the march, and wants to be heard. Anything else?
Yeah. An entertainment fund with lots of dough to hire the rock groups for our orgies.
We gan group that under physical activity.
Well, I guess that does it, and I'm mighty glad you came by in response to our appeal. It sure will help to move some of that useless money we have lying around.
It's almost three o'clock, and that's Washington quitting time, so let me run you and your girl-friend—excuse me—girl *friends* out to the airport.
SHRINER
Come on, baby. And get that pen and pencil set.
I'll put you all on a private jet, and have a limousine waiting for you at Idlewild. Meantime time, here's a million or two for petty cash.
Papermate, Papermate, Bo Bapermate, banana, Fanna Fo Fapermate...
I'm ready sir, and I'm sure I'll enjoy my new assignment.
Just a minute, Brigitte. You forgot to turn out the lights.
Don't forget—we're on an economy program now, and every penny counts!
SHRINER
PEACE CORPS

Art by Bob Powell

There has been much concern lately over the so-called truth-in-packaging bill which Congress wants to pass to protect the housewife from being misled when she buys food in supermarkets. Naturally, the big majority of the food companies are bothered by this, but they needn't really worry since they follow all the rules anyway. However, there are those fly-by-night sharpie groups who are being bedeviled by the impending legislation. Let's see how they intend to combat the Congressional measure.

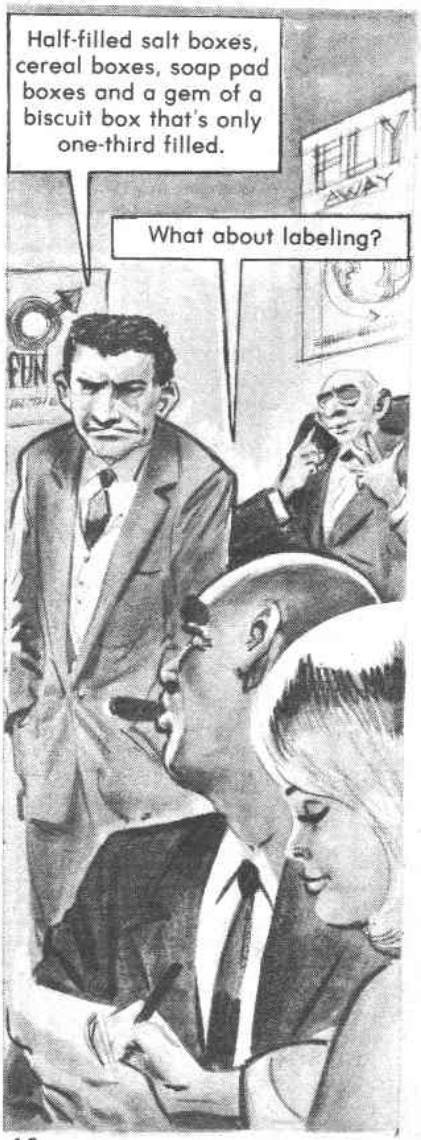
THE PACKAGERS

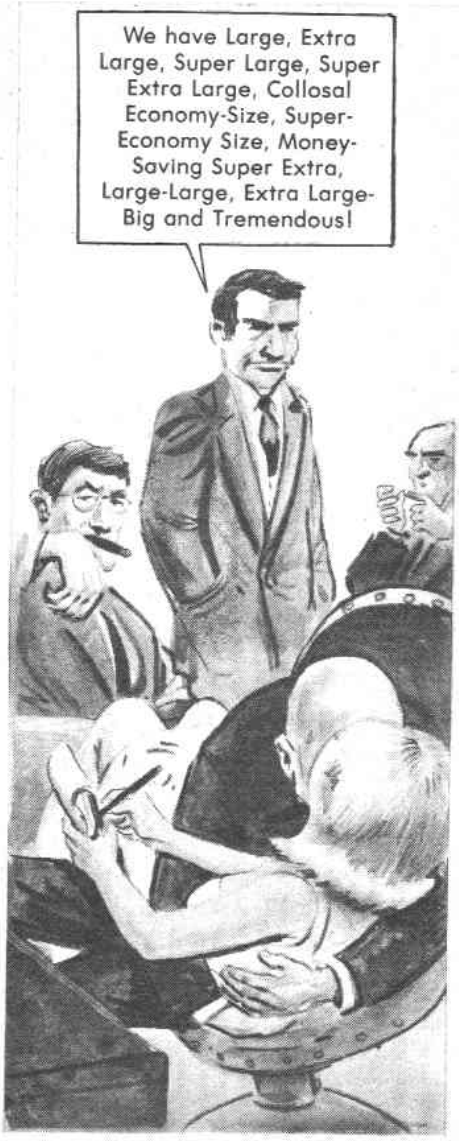
(Scene: The conference room of the Peccancy and Purloin Packagers Association on Madison Avenue. Seated around a box-top shaped table are the four officers in charge of Putting Food in Packages in a Highly Deceptive Manner are, left to right, Messrs. Grovedink, Smanster, Crelly and Bloomsner.)

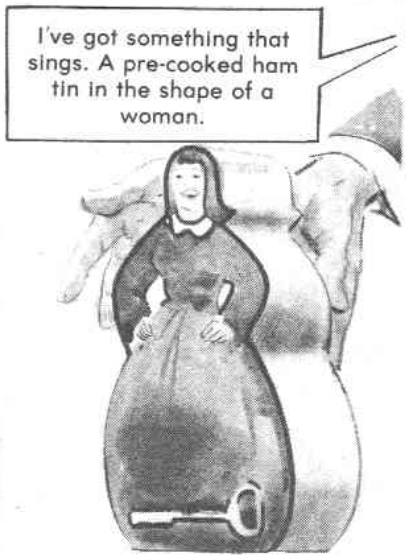
SCRIPT BY BILL MAJESKI

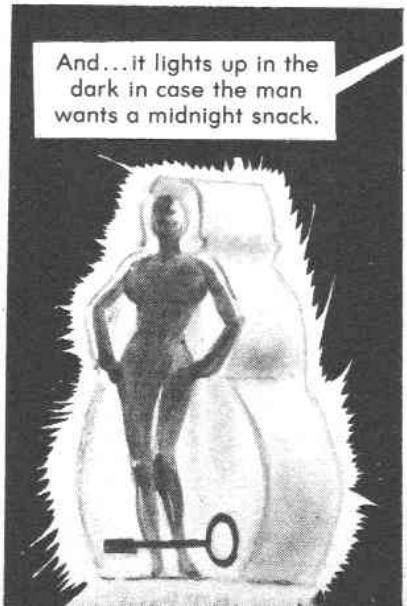
Those Commies down in Washington are investigating us again. We've got to come up with some sophisticated gimmicks so we can hoodwink the public in peace.
We're with you, Grovedink, baby. I've been working on a sly bit of thievery all weekend. We keep the same size jars of applesauce, but we change the labels from 6 and 3/4 ounces to 6 and 5/8 ounces. We save an eighth of an ounce of applesauce in every jar.
That's a lot of applesauce, sweetie.
Look, Smanster, they'll catch on to that applesauce bit. That's basic trickery. I'm thinking more in the line of mathematical brain twister.
You mean like a pound and 14 fluid ounces of pineapple juice for 55 cents, compared with two quarts and two ounces for 74 cents?
That's the ticket. With those kids puching and shoving, the old bag behind the shopping cart will be so confused she'll buy two of everything.
To add a note of sophistication, why not incorporate some of the updated mathematics mechanisms on the label.
You know, toss in a couple of components, parallel figures, addition factors and reciprocal equalizers.
Jazz the package up with virile symbols in three colors for impulse buying
and baby, that's money in the bank.

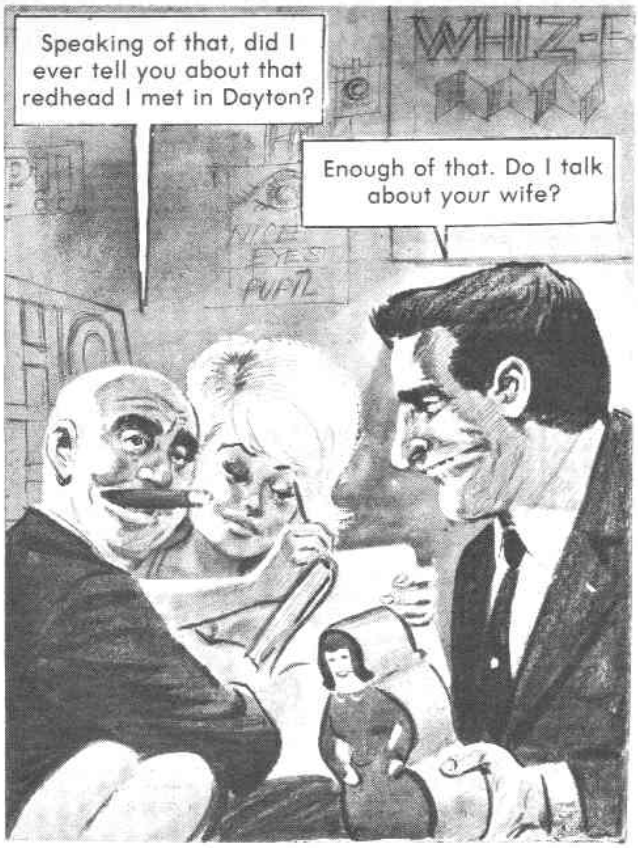
How about this? If John had two apples and he gave Mary one apple and Mary sold the apple together with a peach at 3 for a dime, how much would...
Will someone shut that clown up? How the hell can we plot with that idiot mumbling like that?
Don't look at me. He's not MY brother-in-law.
Never mind. What have we got lined up so far, Smanster?
SNIFF
LOVE

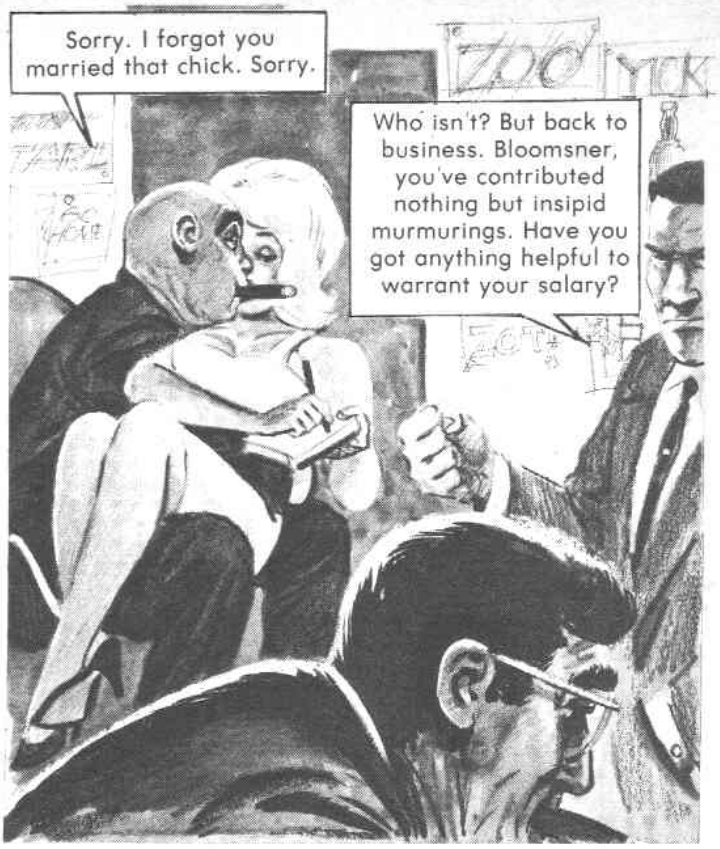

Half-filled salt boxes, cereal boxes, soap pad boxes and a gem of a biscuit box that's only one-third filled.
What about labeling?
FLY AWAY
FUN


We have Large, Extra Large, Super Large, Super Extra Large, Collosal Economy-Size, Super-Economy Size, Money-Saving Super Extra, Large-Large, Extra Large-Big and Tremendous!


I've got something that sings. A pre-cooked ham tin in the shape of a woman.


And...it lights up in the dark in case the man wants a midnight snack.


Speaking of that, did I ever tell you about that redhead I met in Dayton?
Enough of that. Do I talk about your wife?

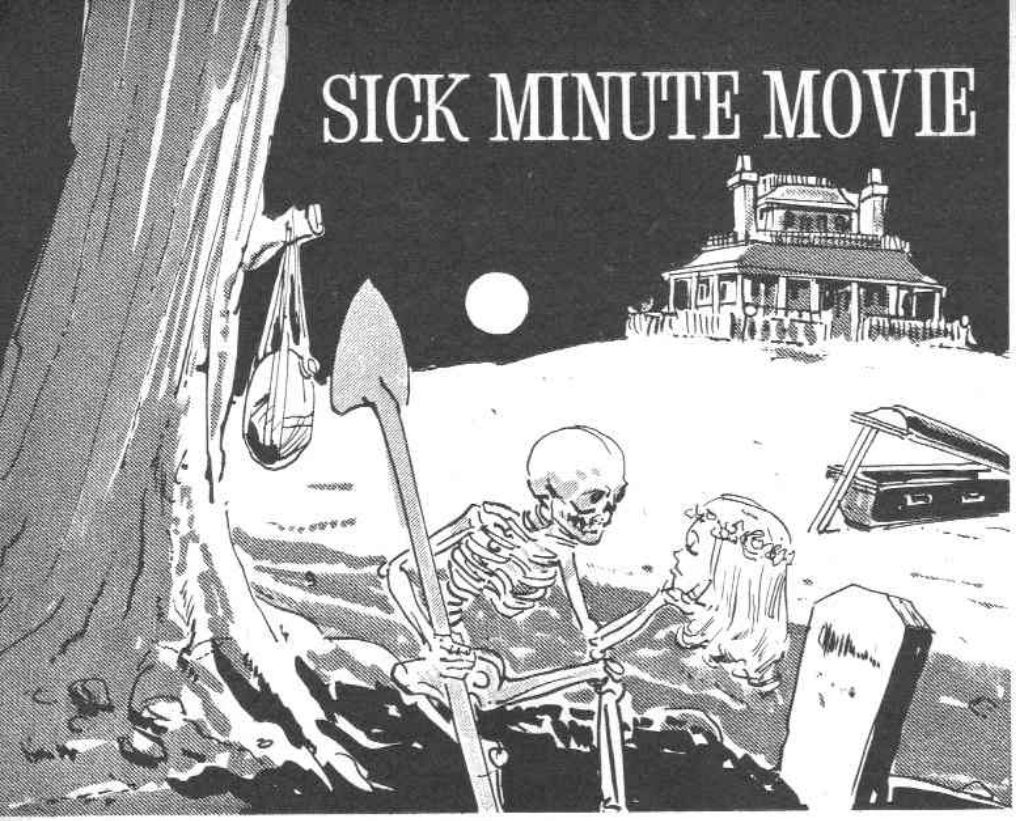

Sorry. I forgot you married that chick. Sorry.
Who isn't? But back to business. Bloomsner, you've contributed nothing but insipid murmurings. Have you got anything helpful to warrant your salary?

Only the greatest. Look.
You're an idiot, pal. It's an empty box of cereal. Sit down and shut up.
Give me a chance. Look at the pitch we make! The fast-life factor. The hurry-up syndrome. This retails for 39 cents —it's PRE-EATEN FOOD!
Dammit, he's got it!
PRE EATEN
FRAZS

Bloomsner, you've opened new horizons. You're the Magellan of super-market shelves.
Let's all go over to Barney's for a round of Old Garbardine and the drinks are on me. Doubles! Er, sorry... I mean Giant, Jumbo, Extra-Large Economy Size!

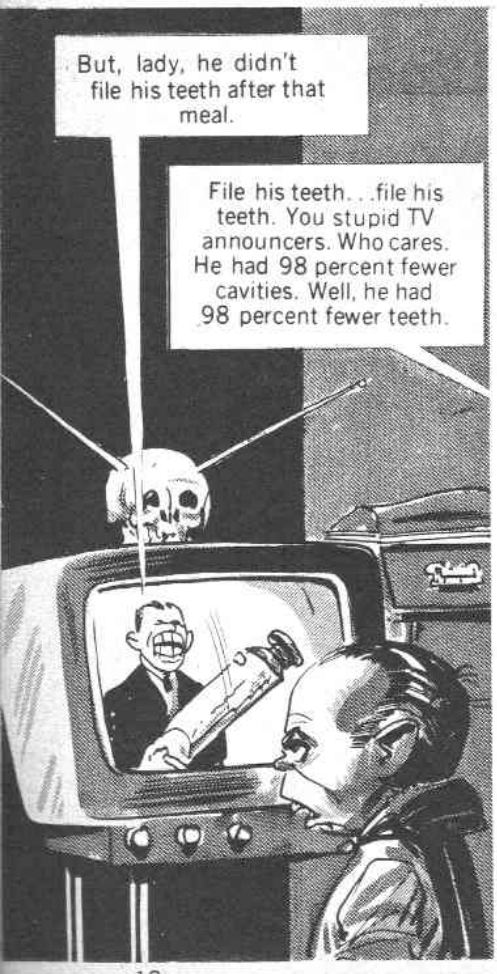
If John had two apples and he gave Mary one apple and Mary sold the apple together with a peach at 3 for a dime, how much would...
Barney's

SICK MINUTE MOVIE

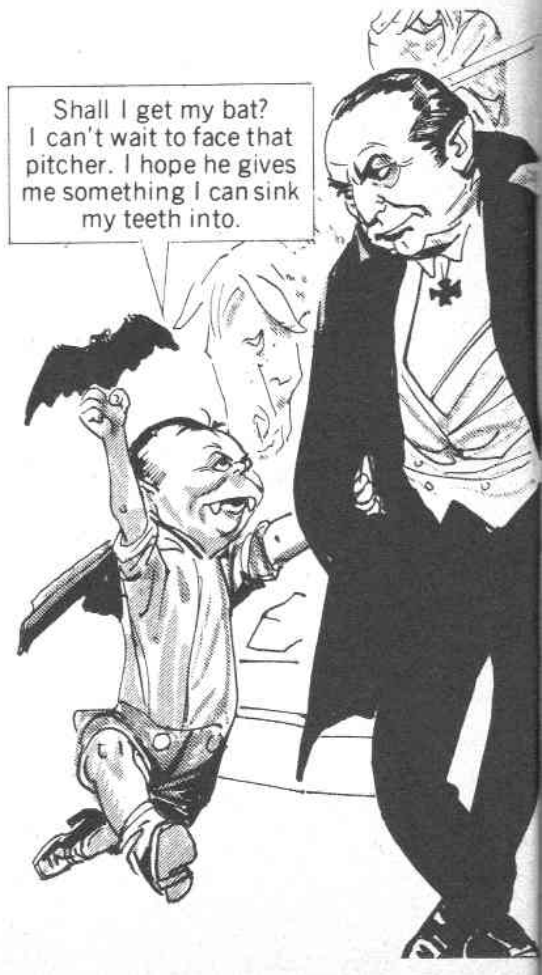


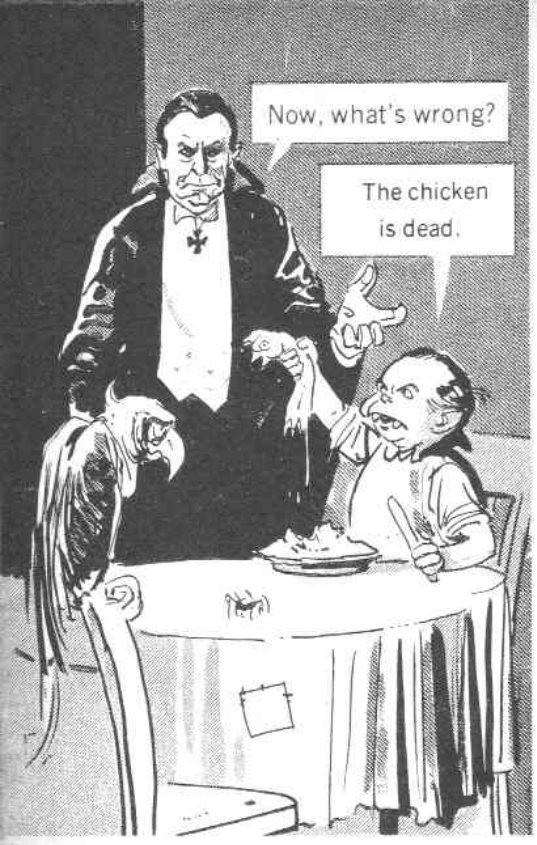
Well, Frankenstein met the Wolfman and Joe Levine met Caroll Baker. The results were money-making movies. Tie in part of an old movie with a modern setting and you don't have to come up with new ideas. If everyone had the same high standards that we have, this all wouldn't be necessary. But, because it is, we are looking forward to a new movie with an old subject to be called....

SON


But, lady, he didn't file his teeth after that meal.
File his teeth...file his teeth. You stupid TV announcers. Who cares. He had 98 percent fewer cavities. Well, he had 98 percent fewer teeth.

Son, I have been spending too many nights away from home. I want to make it up to you. I'll take you to the little league practice if it's a night practice.

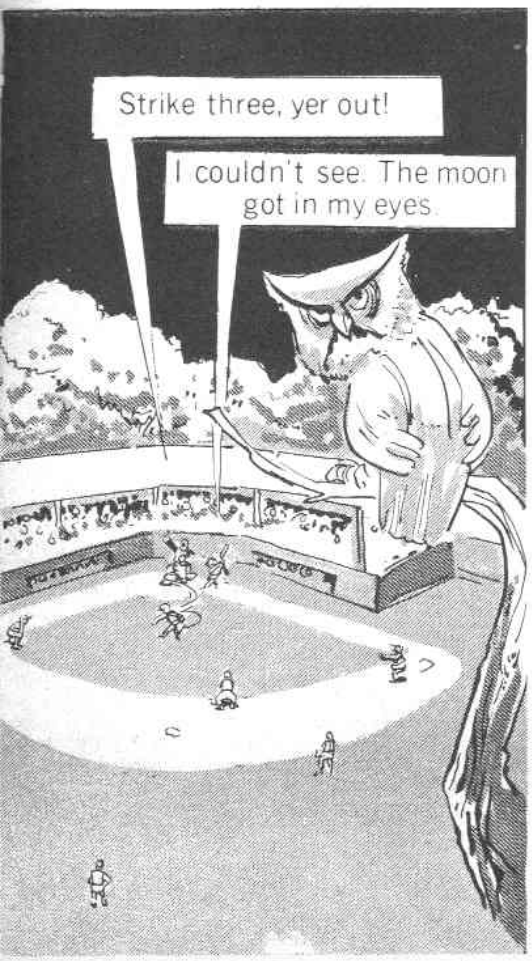


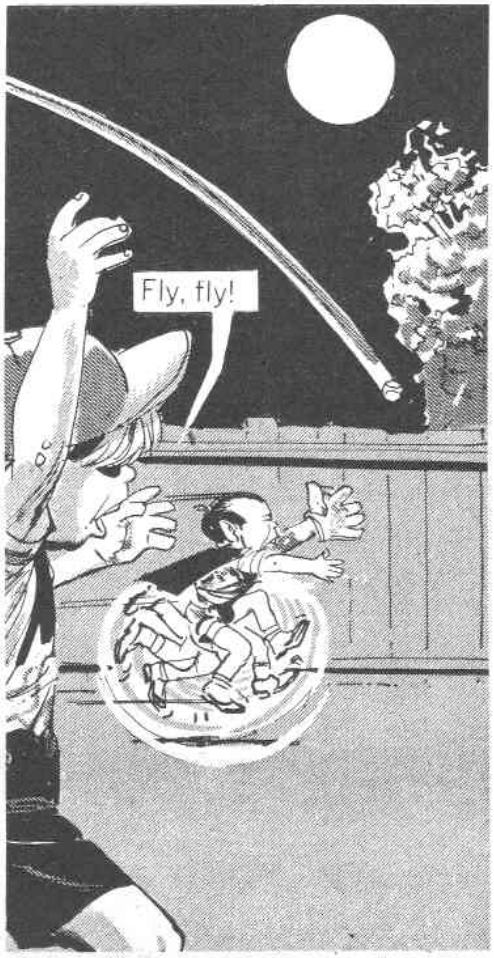


OF DRACULA

Script by Jim Atkins

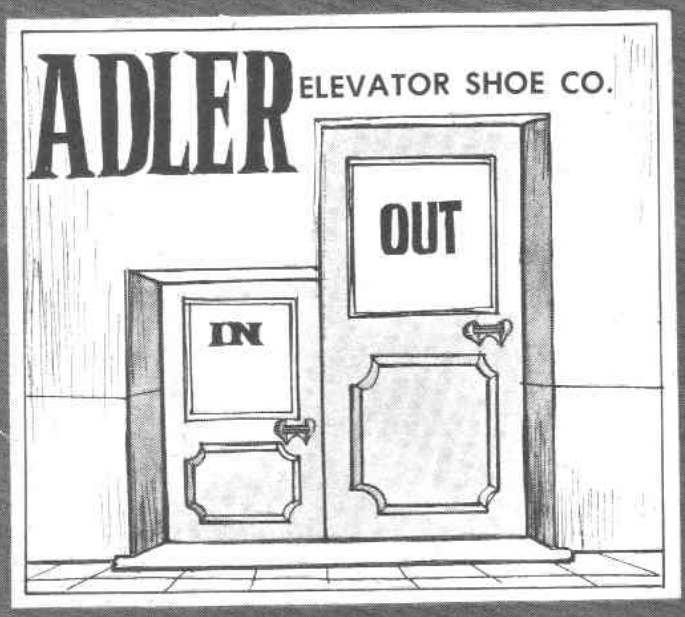
Art by Jack Sparling

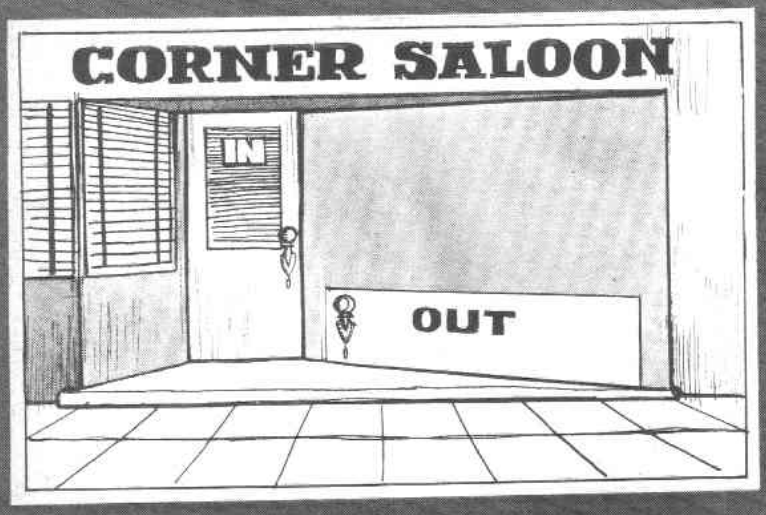


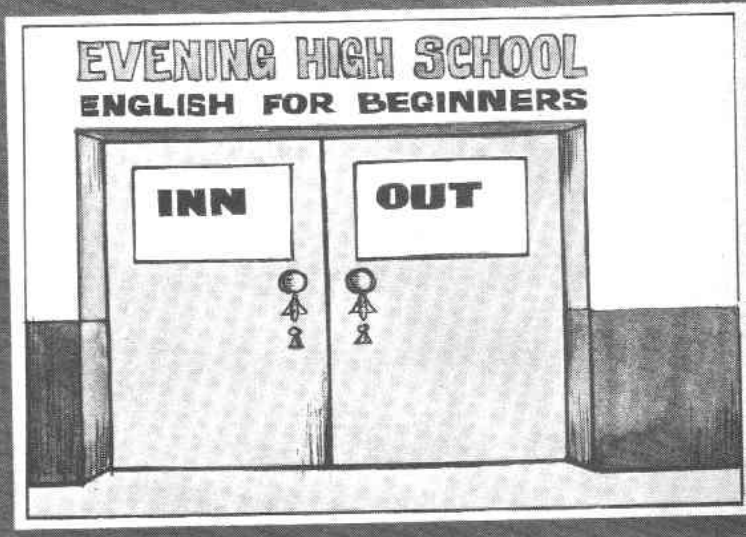


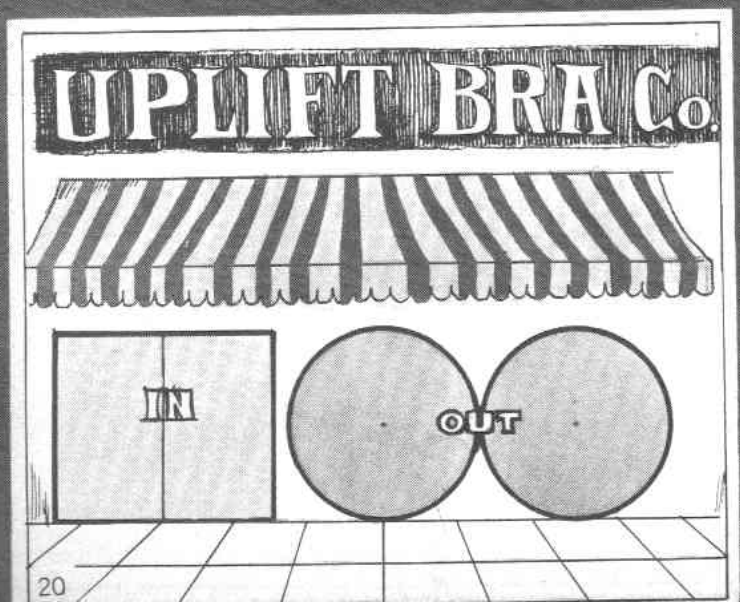
All doors look the same. This makes them very uninteresting. We feel that doors should reflect the occupants inside —both going in and going out. To show you what we mean here are a few ideas for...

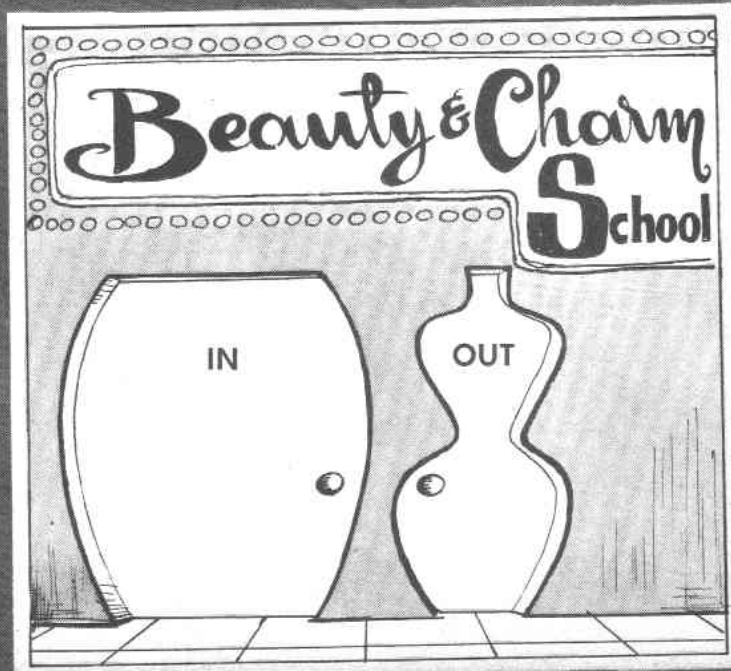
SICK



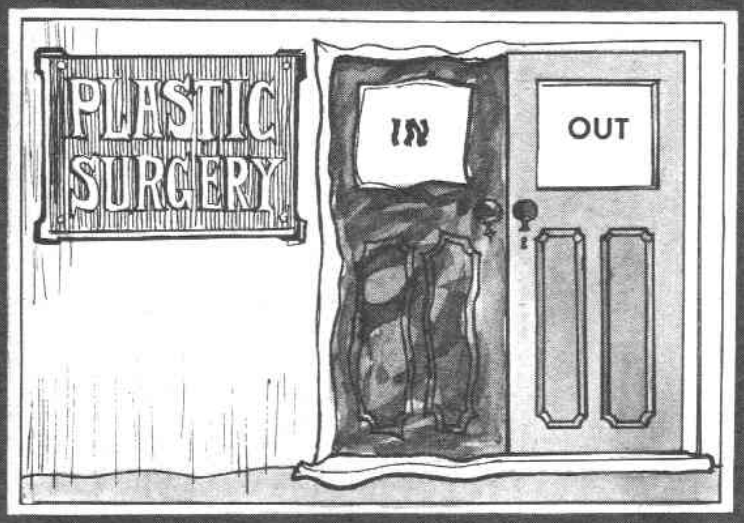


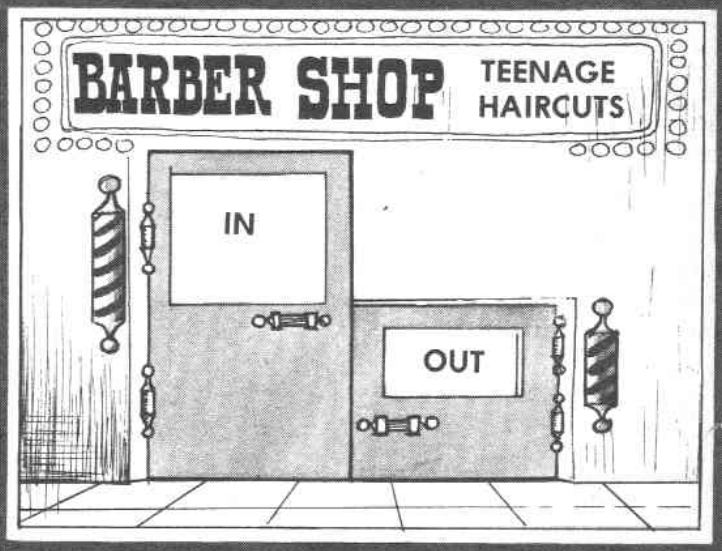




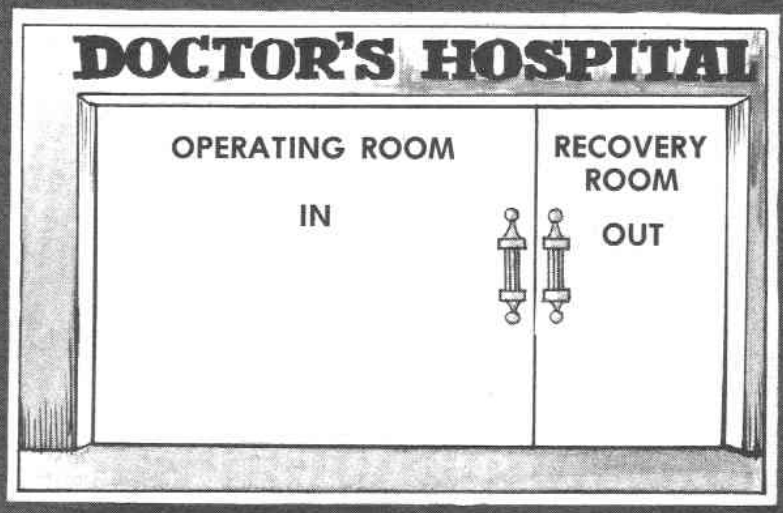


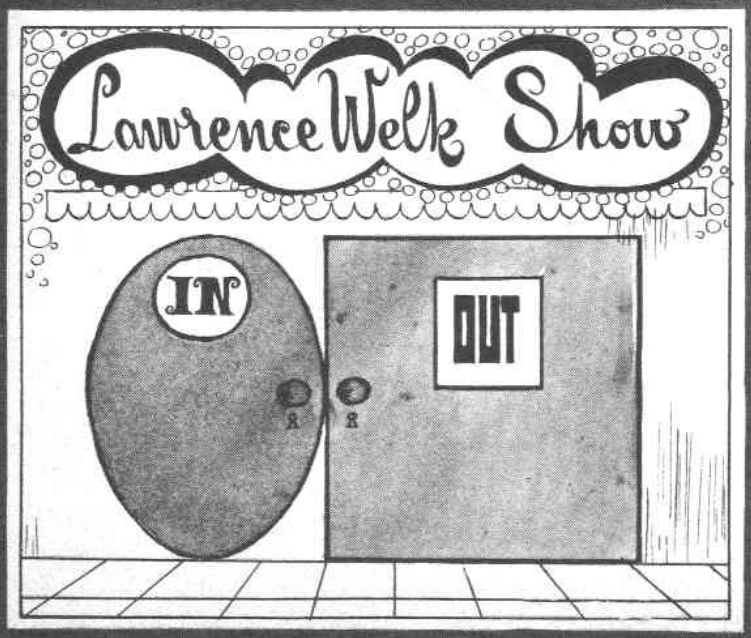
IN-OUT DOORS

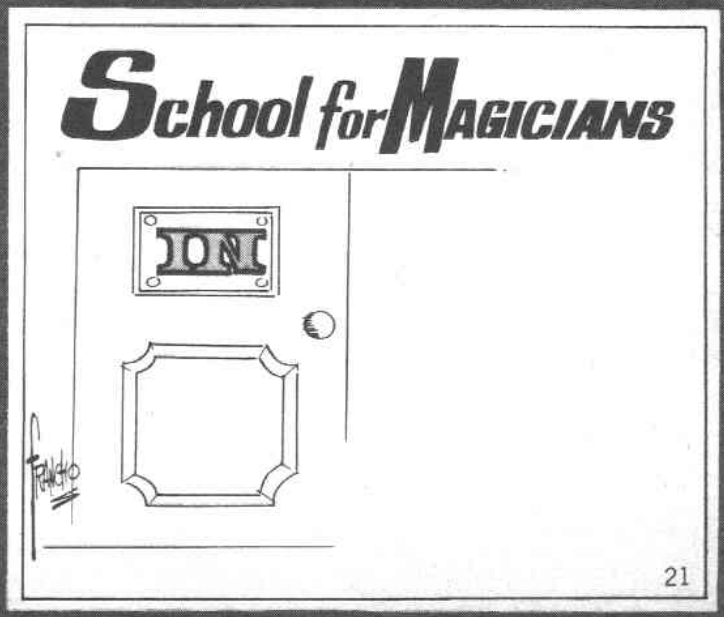

PLASTIC SURGERY
IN
OUT


BARBER SHOP
TEENAGE HAIRCUTS
IN
OUT

NATIONAL AIRLINES
IN
OUT


DOCTOR'S HOSPITAL
OPERATING ROOM
IN
RECOVERY ROOM
OUT


Lawrence Welk Show
IN
OUT


School for Magicians
IN

Walter Windfall

OF NEW AMSTERDAM

The Historical Scene

CELEBS-ON-THE-GO: Jack The Ripper causing the ladies to gasp as he strolled along midtown streets the other A.M....Sir Walter Raleigh shopping for a new cloak on the avenue...Jesse James racing to catch a train just pulling out of the station...Gen. George Custer looking very impressive leading his men thru the short cut at Little Big Horn...John Dillinger and his Lady in Red causing crowds to gather after leaving a Chicago movie theatre...

...Mata Hari amazing friends at a party with her wild impression of Greta Garbo...Delilah rushing in to buy a large pair of scissors in a local store...The U.S.S. Maine a tower of strength standing there in Havana Harbor...Was that Carrie Nation at an After Hours Bottle Club the other A.M.???

* *

FROM MY GIRL FRIDAY: Send one ear muff to Vincent Van Gogh, ailing in the South of France...Hard Luck Harry set to break his jinx by taking a long sea voyage. Send him a wire c/o the Titanic...Don't invite John Wilkes Booth and Mrs. Lincoln to the same party... Pithecanthropus Erectus into plastic surgery on the 19th...Send a bottle of throat spray to Paul Revere...Alexander Bell finally got that call thru to his friend Watson...Send a hearing aid to Ludwig von Beethoven...Noah having trouble rounding up just two rabbits for his round-the-world trip...Orchids to "Seward's Folly"—the funniest thing in years!!!

It Happened One Night

by EARTH WILSON

A Hip Squaw!...

Pocohantas, that curvy little bundle of brunette charm, breezed into town today still denying reports she's carrying on a sizzling affair with John Smith, the popular Virginia playboy. "We're just good friends," she insists.

The shapely redskin sexpot, sporting a bulging 38-24-38, was being interviewed in the bedroom of her luxurious double-suite wigwam.

I asked her what she thought of men in general. "Indian men are very nice and considerate," she cooed. "I mean, they always open the tent slit for you. And they help you up and down horses. And light your peace pipes for you. But give me a good healthy American man any time. They're so sexy, you know what I mean?"

With that she wiggled around the wigwam. I asked about her fling with John Smith and she evaded the question with a sensuous shrug of her shapely shoulders. "I'm playing the field at the present," she purred. "Last night I was out with Running Bear. The night before that I was out with Crazy Horse. And the night before that I was out with Utter Exhaustion!"

I could see she was putting me on and also that I was getting further away from the whole point of the interview. "But what about John Smith?" I again blurted out.

GOSSIP COLUMNS

Sitting around the office recently we got to wondering how it might have been if they had gossip columns way back in history. There was certainly a lot of chitchat to report. And so we came up with our version of some of the more famous...

MAINSTEM GOSSIP: Friends at Elba urging Napoleon to see a psychiatrist. He still thinks he's Napoleon...Balboa planning a trip to the seashore on the 19th...Adolf Shikelgruber leaving the paint business to go into the Army as a private...Louis XIV planning to sell all his furniture...Isaac Newton's managers worried about him. Spends all his time sitting under an apple tree waiting for the world to come to him... Don't let Lucretia Borgia near the punch bowl at your next party...Crushing victory at the Coliseum on Sunday. Score was Lions 14, Christians O....Send congrats to Alexander The Great who's killing the people on his world tour!!!

* * *

MIDNITE CHITCHAT: A local hairdresser got a call last night to cancel an appointment for Anne Boleyn...Friends worried about Joan of Arc. She claims to be hearing those voices again... Lawyers advising Confucious not to say anything to anybody...A large syndicate headed by Peter Stuyvesant about to close an important deal for Manhattan Island...

THE LATE LATE SHOW: Ponce de Leon off to Florida for the winter. Look for him to open the Fountain of Youth in January...Betsy Ross has friends worried. She shuns all parties and spends her time at the sewing table...Cortez and Montezuma at the no-talking stage...Elizabeth and Essex an item at the Palace...Sigmund Freud is being urged to see a doctor. He's starting in with that weird mumbo-jumbo again...Don't invite Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton to the same party...Ditto Brutus and Julius Caesar... What famous regal beauty is about to lose her head over Henry VIII???

SHOW-BIZ VIGNETTE: He knew her when she was a nobody. They fell in love at the start, vowing always to be faithful to each other. He said she was the only girl in the world for him and she said he was the only boy in the world for her. And they were both right. For he was Adam and she was Eve.

With this she finally got exasperated and exclaimed, "how can you expect me to be serious about a guy who won't even give me his right name?"

*

The Midnight Earth...

Franz Schubert promises his publisher he'll finish that symphony in two weeks...Attila The Hun a big smash on the Continent...Agents trying to book Pavlov and his Dogs who are whipping up a top-secret act...

...Mme. DuBarry going over very big at the Palace...Daniel into the Lion's Den on the 19th.

* * *

ADAM AND EVE don't care who knows it...His managers urging U.S. Grant to go on the wagon for the sake of his image...Marie Antoinette a huge success with her "Let 'Em Eat Cake" routine... Adolf Hitler still denying those reports about him and Eva Braun.

* * *

EARTH'S PEARLS: Behind every successful man you'll find an understanding woman—and if his wife ever found out about it she'd murder him!—Hernando de Soto.

* * *

YESTERDAY'S BEST LAUGH: John Paul Jones was on the topdeck of his vessel shouting, "Don't Give Up The Ship!" when a little old seaman standing nearby looked at him and replied, "of course not, sell it!"

* * *

WISH I'D SAID IT: Teddy Roosevelt said it: Speak softly and carry a big stick and people will think you're queer!

* * *

THE HEIGHT OF OPTIMISM was recently uttered by General Custer who, when surrounded by 15,000 screaming Indians, shouted, "don't take any prisoners!"

That's

Earth

brother

IN HISTORY

GERMALISM

Script by Paul Laikin
Art by Jack Sparling

The Lion's Den

LEONARD LIONS

Mrs. O'Leary of the famous Chicago O'Leary's is frequently asked what happened to her celebrated cow. This is the creature that started the great Chicago fire after kicking over a kerosene lamp in their barn. "Had to get rid of her," she tells people, "all she kept giving us was hot milk."

Robespierre often recalls the bloody days of the French Revolution when heads were constantly rolling. "There were times," he says, "when things got so hectic that the guillotine workers went out on strike. When asked why they did such a thing, considering the big business, he answered, "they wanted more severance pay."

Genghis Khan recalls the time he finally gave in and consulted a psychoanalyst. No sooner did he land on the couch when he began spouting his story of slaughtering thousands of people, destroying entire cities and assorted tales of violence that he was responsible for. Whereupon the analyst turned to him and said softly, "I know, I know, but you don't have to feel guilty about it."

Captain Kidd tells of the time he saw a seasick sailor leaning over the rail of the pirate ship he was on. He walked over to the fellow and said, "there, there, it can't be all that bad." The sailor looked up and moaned, "oh no, I got lockjaw."

HISTORICAL MERRY-GO-ROUND

Immortal Predictions

DREW PERSON

Time once again for my world-famous predictions — my glimpses into the future of America — based on my knowledge, insight and things I pick up galavanting around the country all the time. These views do in no way reflect the views of this newspaper as they don't know what they're talking about either:

My first prediction is that Lincoln hasn't got a chance of being elected President if he engages in open debates with Douglas.

Take it from me, we will not purchase Louisiana from France—I don't care what anybody says! Besides, who needs swamplands anyway?

I still maintain the British are bluffing. They will never execute Nathan Hale on spy charges.

There's absolutely no truth to the rumor that there will be a Boston Massacre. Relations between the British and the Colonists have never been so good in Boston.

Going out on a limb I predict that 1898 will be a good year for U.S.—Spain relations.

That reported gun duel between Hamilton and Burr will never get off the ground. I know both men personally and they'll listen to reason. Besides, Burr is no match for Hamilton.

Remember, you heard it here: Tom Jefferson will go down in history as the greatest menace to American democracy our country will ever know. Believe me, I'm a good judge of character.

I know for a fact that the Dred Scott case will never—but NEVER—reach a decision.

From where I sit it looks like a sweeping victory for General Burgoyne at Saratoga.

Although they put up a valiant fight, I predict that history will prove nobody will remember the Alamo.

I don't care who his grandfather was, John Quincy Adams will never be a President of the United States.

Sidney Skoldsky

In HISTORY

TIMETYPES...George Washington

George Washington is known as the man who is first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. *"Yet I married a widow,"* he modestly points out.

He has become a legend in his own time. "Don't believe everything you read on parchment," he warns. Shy and unassuming, he has risen from a farm boy in Virginia to Commanding General of our armed forces and now is the first President of the United States. He has had every honor heaped upon him and now there's talk of building a bridge bearing his name in New Jersey.

* *

He is happily married to his childhood sweetheart, Martha, who recently announced plans to go into the candy business. *"She's always had a sweet tooth for making money,"* he jokes. To this he adds, *"she's even talking about opening a hotel for girls in mid-Manhattan."*

He was a towering figure of strength at sea. The sight of him standing up in a boat ordering his men to move onward will be a classic in years to come. He shrugs it off matter-of-factly. *"The only reason I stood up in that boat was that I get seasick and I like to be near the rail."* Insiders attribute this to his wholesome sense of humor.

Henry M. Stanley, the noted journalist, likes to tell of the time he trekked 4000 miles into the heart of Africa to find Dr. Livingston and bring him back to civilization. After traveling over rugged mountain terrain, alligator-infested waters and thru hostile cannibal territory he finally confronted the aged doctor in a small jungle clearing. Painfully crawling over to him he gasped in a weak and feeble voice, "Doctor Livingston, I presume?" To which the doctor looked down at him and asked, "you got an appointment?"

Nathan Hale, the young American soldier now awaiting execution by the British on charges of being a spy, claims he was misquoted by the press and plans to see a lawyer about it. "What I really said," he told me in an exclusive cell interview, "was that I only regret I have but one *wife* to give for my country."

Cain is always asked why he killed his brother Abel. People just can't understand this sort of a crime. His answer, "at the time the world wasn't big enough for the two of us."

Henry VIII is known the world over as a ladies man. Women literally fall at his feet. And here is a man who is past middle-age, has a huge stomach paunch, a hairy ruddy face and the world's worst table manners. "I don't know what it is," he said recently over lunch, with a raw chicken leg between his teeth, "maybe it's my personality."

Benjamin Franklin is sometimes asked how come he invented the lightning rod. "It's just as they say," is his reply, "my wife told me to go fly a kite."

Pontius Pilate likes to tell the story of the elephant who walked into the bar at the Roman Orgy and ordered nine triple scotches. After downing them all he suddenly turned around, lifted up his drunk and snorted, "I can lick any elephant in the place!"

I know Missouri and the people there are very stubborn. I say there will be no compromise regarding its status as a Slave State.

Mark my words, the deal to purchase Florida from Spain will fall through. I don't see any future in that territory.

Among the many crackpot inventions I hear talk about, the silliest ones that have absolutely no chance of ever becoming a realization are the Cotton Gin, the Reaper and the thing they call the Telephone.

All that talk about a Revolutionary War between the British and the Colonists is just a plain example of war-mongering if you ask me.

The Emancipation Proclamation which freed the slaves will put an end to Civil Rights problems for all time in America.

I predict the new British Stamp Act will be welcomed with open arms by the Colonists and there won't be a single demonstration.

Listen to me, the wisest move Jesse James ever made was to take Bob Ford into his gang.

Another prediction on the political scene: Andrew Jackson will never be President—but Harvey T. Snodgrass will!

The Gadsden Purchase from Mexico will fall through but I'm convinced we will definitely buy Portugal from Spain.

I still maintain that John Brown is bluffing and will never carry out his ridiculous plan to attack Harper's Ferry.

Sitting Bull will finally meet his match when he comes face to face with General Custer.

I insist that Lewis and Clarke will dissolve their partnership at the end of the year and nothing more will be heard from either of them.

Going out on a limb again, I predict that the Declaration of Independence will be signed on July 5th.

Take it from me again, Stanley will never succeed in finding Doctor Livingston in that dense jungle.

I predict that mad inventor, Robert Fulton, will never get his steamboat into the water.

I also predict that history will show that the greatest American of our Century will be none other than Benedict Arnold.

Lastly, and by all means least, I predict that a lot of people reading this column will just look at it and laugh!

END

He is a man who has had a whole image created about him. During the war he was an impressive leader both on land and on the sea. He is well remembered at Valley Forge. His mere presence there kept the men from freezing to death. *"Martha prepared a load of overcoats which I passed out to the troops,"* he tells interviewers.

He is sometimes wild and impulsive. He once threw a half-dollar across the Potomac River. This is invariably brought up whenever he is questioned by newsmen. His answer is usually on the same flippant tone as all the rest. *"I wanted to show that today a little money can still go a long long way."*

He is masculine in every way. *"Only I wish Martha would stop making me wear this ridiculous wig,"* he confides to friends. Sometimes he is mistaken for Martha. *"Thank God my eyes are bluer than hers,"* he tells others.

He is trying to live down his reputation as a ladies man. *"Whenever I see a sign 'George Washington Slept Here' I get furious,"* he says. So does Martha. He is still trying to find the joker who put the sign on a motel saying, 'George Washington And Friend Slept Here.'

* * *

He never tells a lie. Sometimes it gets him into trouble like recently when burglars asked him for the combination to his safe. Nevertheless this is part of his image. His pet peeve is that people are always forgetting his birthday. He is working on plans to make it a national holiday.

He lists Thomas Jefferson as his best friend. *"Watch this boy,"* he tells insiders, *"he's a comer."*

He usually eats a heavy lunch and then takes a light nap. Some days he alternates, eating a light lunch then taking a heavy nap.

He sleeps with Martha in a large double bed with only the tops of his pajamas on.

He is the father of our country.

You always hear adults belly-aching about how the kids nowadays are spoiled and immature. But how are the youngsters supposed to grow up, when the grown-ups, themselves, keep behaving like children?

What about those mothers who cry and carry on until pop promises to buy them a new fur coat? And the fathers who kick and scream if they can't have a night out with "the boys?" How childish can you get?

And you would think that a supposedly grown-up world body like the United Nations would set a good example. But judging from the babyish behavior of most of the members, the U.N. may soon stand for "**U**nited **N**ursery School."

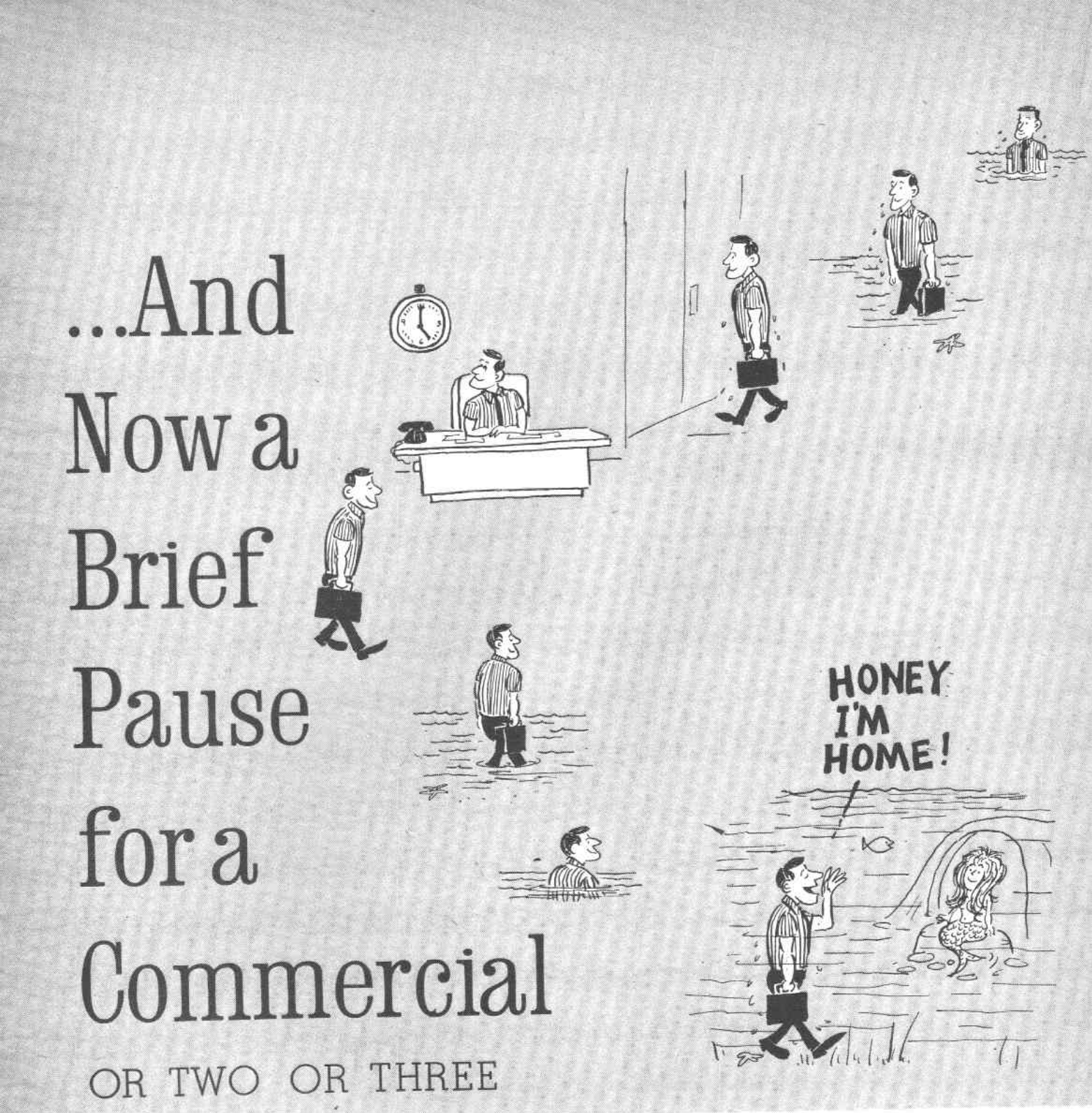
And since children have wonderful imaginations, just imagine what THEY imagine the United Nations is like when they read about all the childish squabbles that take place there?

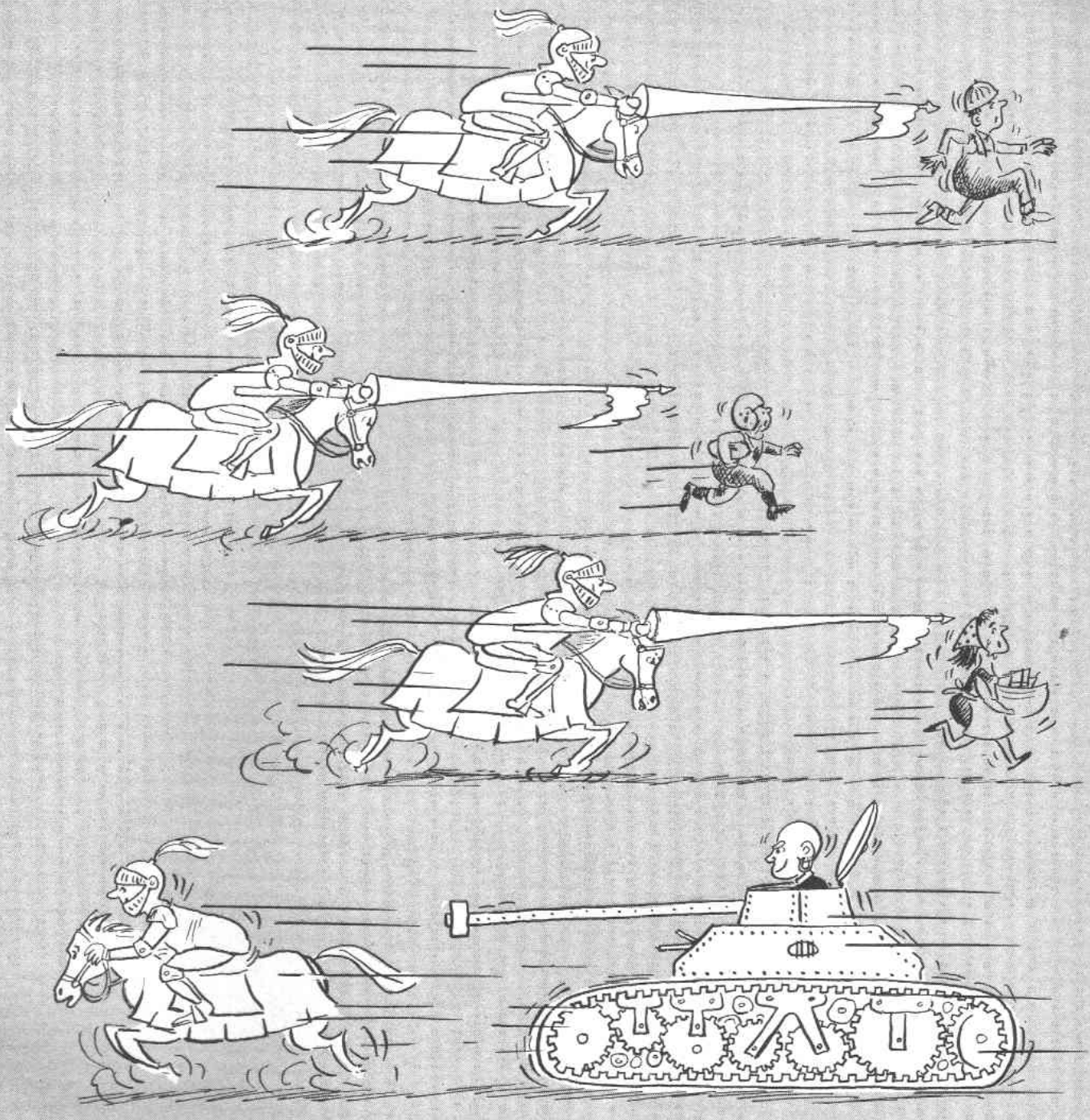
Script by Fred Wolfe
Art by Franchioni

U.N. Kiddie Council
NYAAH! NYAAH! You can't play in MY COMMON MARKET YARD! AND ZAT GOES FOR YOUR PUSSYCAT TOO!
I dare Anyone to KnockDown MY blocks
Stop already with the Rockets OR I'll turn OUT the NILE!
IF you don't play the game my way, I'm pickin' up my marbles AND GOING home!
You're Sorrounding us! see?
I dont Give an ASWAN DAM; cut it out!
JOHN BULL
BRITISH EMPIRE
DE GAULLE
BERLIN WALL
DOVE OF PEACE
SUKARNO
TSHOMBE
NASSER
LEBANON
SYRIA
EGYPT
JORDAN
SAUDI ARABIA
BEN GURION
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
INDIA
PAKISTAN
KASHMIR

...And Now a Brief Pause for a Commercial

OR TWO OR THREE





AJAX WITH BLUCLORIN!
AJAX
$
SCHOCHET

SPONGE!
WNXR
TV
HEMOSTAT!
CLAMPS!
SCALPEL!
OK
CUT!
NOW WHY DID HE HAVE
TO GO AND YELL THAT?
code 10
code 10
code 10

Here goes with another of our famous parodies attacking popular magazines of the day. This time however, we give the magazine a sporting chance to fight back—because when they see our version they're sure to say it's...

Sports Ill-stated

DECEMBER 31, 1965

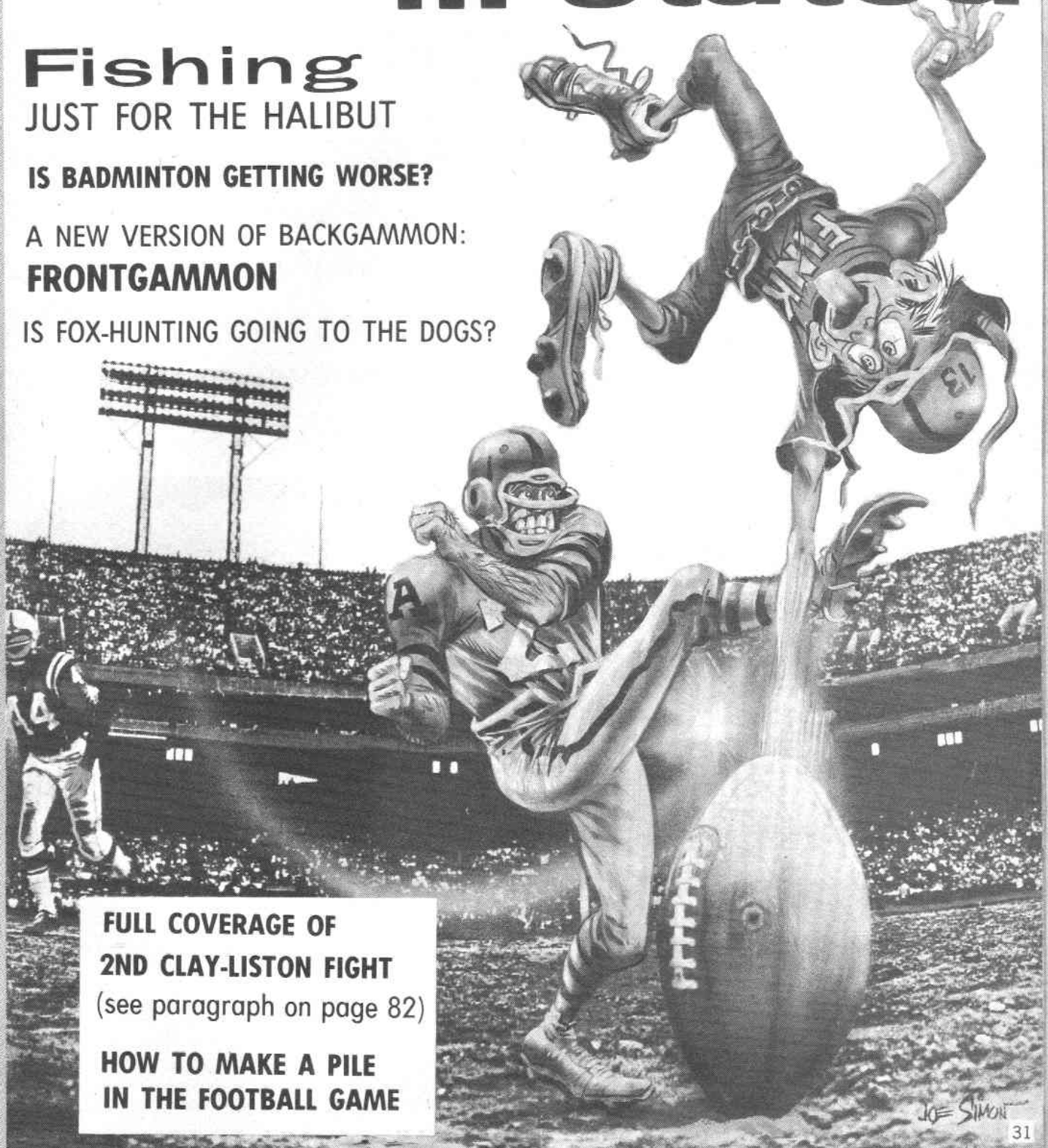
35 POINTS

Fishing
JUST FOR THE HALIBUT

IS BADMINTON GETTING WORSE?

A NEW VERSION OF BACKGAMMON:
FRONTGAMMON

IS FOX-HUNTING GOING TO THE DOGS?



FULL COVERAGE OF 2ND CLAY-LISTON FIGHT
(see paragraph on page 82)

HOW TO MAKE A PILE IN THE FOOTBALL GAME

JOE SIMON

LETTERED BY OUR EDITOR

Sam L. Editor

Birdwatching was a relatively unknown sport in America until recently when surveys estimate that this year some 140,000,000 Americans will be out watching birds—mainly the Linda Bird, the Luci Bird, the Lady Bird and the Gentleman Bird. Never before in the history of ornithology has there been so much attention focused on birds. Even pigeons, which took a big drop last year, are back higher than ever. In fact, the whole country looks like it's going to the birds! Since this is an "in" year we welcome the sport of Birdwatching into our fold.

A typical ornithologist—strictly for the birds!

For those not aquainted with the act of watching birds, this handy little guide has been compiled to give you a few tips on some of our fine-feathered friends:

HUMMINGBIRDS—
Ideal to tape-record while watching.
WOODPECKERS—
Look out for falling splinters while watching these.
VULTURES—
Never fall asleep under one of this species.
PIGEONS—
Never even be seen under one of this species.
MOCKINGBIRDS—
This is a good time of year to kill one.
BLUEBIRDS—
These are famous for bringing you happiness.
SWALLOWS—
Beware of those that don't go to Capistrano for the winter.
ROBINS—
Can be killed with an ordinary bow-and-arrow.
YELLOW WARBLERS—
So-named because they sing like they're afraid.
PARROTS—
Make sure you don't curse when you're near this type.
OWLS—
Surprisingly enough, some of them don't give a hoot.
ALBATROSSES—
If you see one you're either drunk or out of your mind.
RAVENS—
You should watch for these birds Nevermore.

One should remember that different birds appear in different parts of the country and one has to travel to see them all. For example, in St. Louis we find a lot of *cardinals;* in Baltimore we see many *orioles;* and in Hollywood the *robin red-breast* is the big thing.

No matter where you go however, you should take note that while watching birds, never—*BUT NEVER*—look directly up at them. Always stay at an angle away or you may wind up with water-on-the-brain. In any case, you'll be a dirty bird!

Sports Ill-stated

The names of all staff members of this magazine are being withheld to give them a sporting chance.

"It's not whether you win or lose but how you play the game that counts!"
—CASEY STENGEL

ART BY GEORGE TUSKA

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Cover photograph by Brownie Camera

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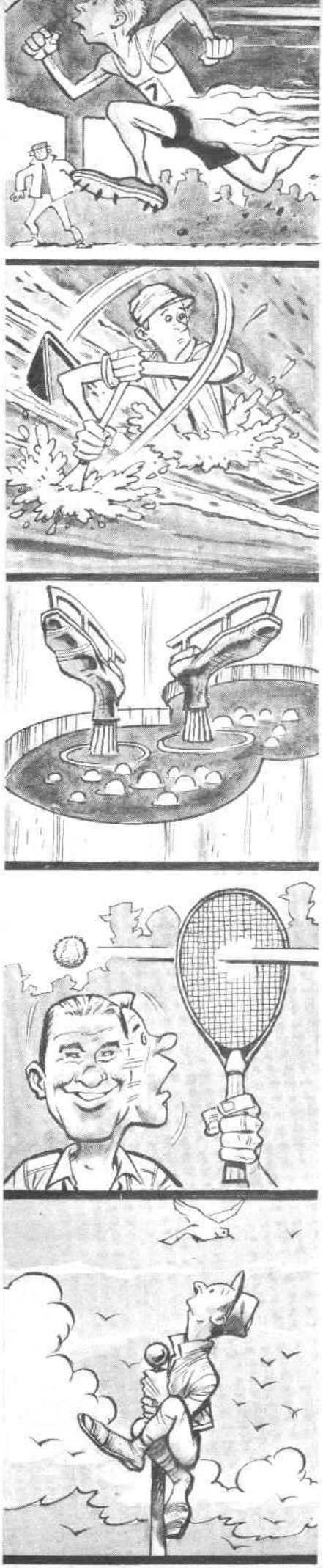

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couldn't get credit (page 19)

NEXT TIME

TENNIS LOVE MATCHES are getting more heated all the time. Read all about the racket behind this torrid game.

EYEBALL ROLLING has fast become one of the new sports of our time and this article looks it squarely in the eye.

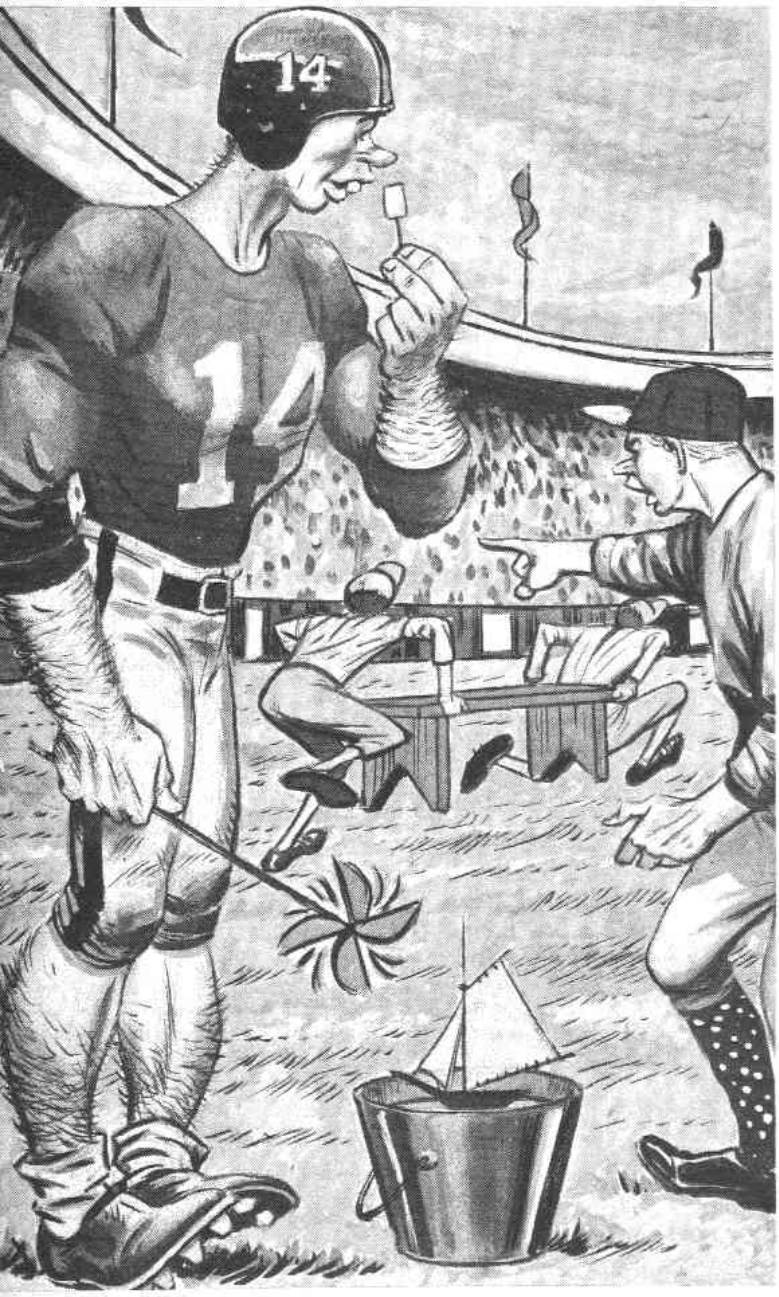
FLAGPOLE SITTING is coming back as a national sport. Learn why people used to look up to this craze in the past.

Sports Ill-stated

MEET BUSTER GASKET

AMERICA'S HARD-LUCK FOOTBALL STAR

In the closing 5 seconds of his last game he rushed headlong down the field 80 yards to a touchdown. Unfortunately, he didn't have the ball.



One of the giants of the game of football, Hugh "Buster" Gasket, is little known to the paying public. Perhaps this is for the best as his is one of the great hard-luck stories of all time. In fact, just reading about it is sure to make you cry. This man has had such a tough career that every time he steps on the field he makes a comeback. What can we tell you, his life story was returned by Ripley marked *"I don't believe it!"*

Buster Gasket is one man who really lives up to his name. When we get to the bottom of the tackle pileup it's always *HIS* body we find underneath. In bone-crushing games it's always *HIS* bones that get crushed. And when the referee yells "Foul!" it's always on *HIM* that the foul was made. Buster's been in and out of the hospital so much that they now leave a side door open for him. How unlucky can you get? He's the only player in history who ever had a broken leg and St. Vitus Dance at the same time!

A look at the record will bear this whole miserable story out. The books show that in all of his many years in football he only missed one kick for the extra point. When you look closely though, you find that he only tried one kick for the extra point. He just never got the chance. When it came time to kick he was always on the bench. In fact, this is where he did most of his kicking. During one game however, he was sent in with only 20 seconds to go and his team on the 40 yard line 6 points behind. It was fourth down and they were forced to pass. Buster threw the ball with all his might. Wouldn't you know, it hit the referee in the mouth!

Buster is a fellow who can throw a ball 1000 feet outside the ball park. When he gets *INSIDE* the ball park however, something happens and he just can't seem to get it up in the air. It's simply a jinx he has. He's a great football player but if he didn't have to play it on a football field he'd be the greatest player in the history of the game.

Only to a hard-luck guy like Buster Gasket could the following bizarre things happen. He intercepts a pass, catches it and then finds he did it behind his own goal

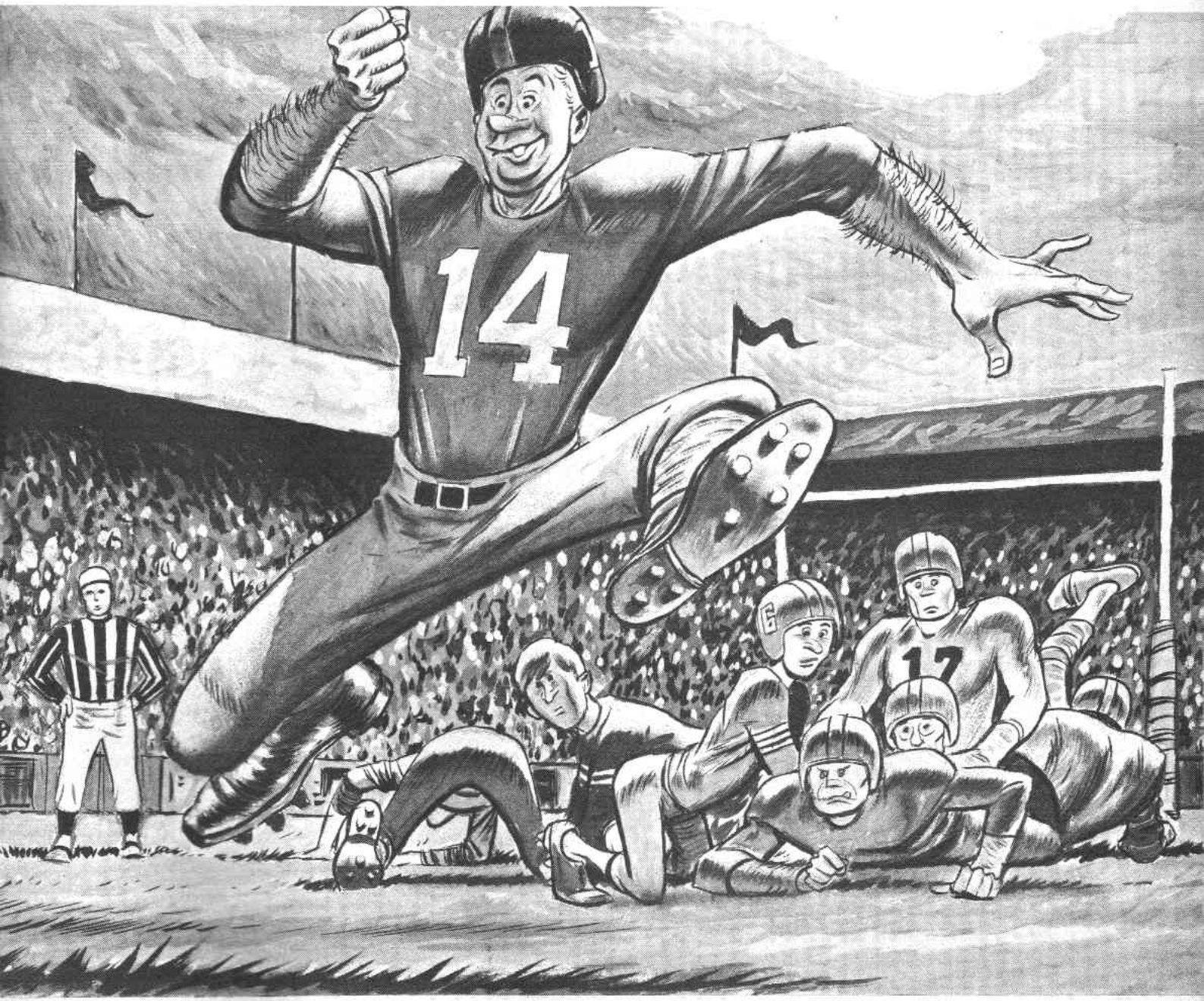
In a bone-smashing game on the road recently, Buster single-handedly racked up 97 points — only it was for the other team.

line. He holds the ball for the kickoff and gets spiked in the face. He stands next to the referee when the gun goes off to end the game and gets powder burns in his eyes. Many a time some coach has gotten so disgusted with him that before he'd send Buster into the game he'd send in the bench!

Buster is the kind of a player who, in the climax of a crucial game, will goof and tackle a guy on his own team. Pressure seems to affect his memory also. He can do the hidden ball trick and forget where he hid it. Many times he's been tackled when he didn't even have the ball. He's a player who's been known to run around his own end. No wonder that Buster Gasket is known in the game as a team player — for the *other* team, of course.

Despite all this hard luck on the field, Buster has managed to amass several important records. However, they're not the kind he like to talk about. For example, he holds the world's record for tackling players who haven't got the ball. Another record is for completed passes to the other team. He also holds the record for recovering fumbles — but it was *HE* who made the fumbles in the first place! In fact, one year he walked off with the Heisman Trophy — but they caught him and made him bring it back!

This is not to say that Buster Gasket is a hopeless case. The books show he had a couple of great years — only, this was before he got into the game of football. Since coming into the sport he couldn't even get nominated for the All-American Scrub Team. Yet he hasn't gone unrecognized by those in the game who know. None other than Knute Rockne once paid Buster the compliment of saying he was another Gipper — only he pronounced the G like a J. Sports Ill-stated now pays him an even greater compliment by unanimously nominating Buster Gasket as their first candidate for the newly established Football Hall Of Shame.



Last year Buster ran the entire length of the field for touchdowns 27 times. Trouble is, it was always in the opposite direction.

SCORECLOD

SUCH A SPORT!

Parents all over the nation are expressing concern over their belief that sports are ruining their children. An irate group has already been formed to protest the expressions that some sports use. They point out that kids playing baseball learn all about stealing, hitting and running, making sacrifices and batting in their teammates. In basketball they're encouraged to dribble all over the court. In tennis they are subjected to love matches and in football there's nothing but rushing, tackling and kicking when they're down. It's about time for a worldwide cleanup campaign.

IS CRICKET REALLY CRICKET?

Once again we hear talk that gambling is rearing its ugly head in other sports besides the publicized games of boxing and basketball. Rumor has it that the mob has already infiltrated into rugby, horseshoe-pitching, lacrosse and jai-alai. Several incidents have been reported about the use of stolen cars in auto-racing, crooked tenpins in bowling and loaded tiddledees in tiddledeewinks. Who's covering up for who?

THIS'LL BOWL YOU OVER

The Hasbrouk Heights Bowling Team suffered its first major disaster last month. They won the statewide tournament but a bizarre accident wiped away the celebration. It seems a bald-headed man happened to pass by an alley when a near-sighted bowler was up. It was a terrible catastrophe—made even worse by the fact that he only knocked down eight pins.

PRAY FOR REIGN

The New Yorks Mets figured they were the team to beat last year and that's exactly what happened. Everybody beat them. Next year however, they'll be back playing like there's no tomorrow. And in their case this may very well happen. The Mets have a new slogan now that will guarantee them the pennent: *"Let's Turn The League Upside Down!"*

READ 'EM AND WEEP

Among the many recent books on sports are the following gamy titles:

"101 Things You Can Do With A Hockey Puck"

"Is Horseracing Going To The Dogs?"

"Short Cuts To Hurdle Jumping"

"Rumbles—*The Sport Of City Kids*"

ALL PLAYERS LOOK ALIKE

For the first time in 800 years the Chinese Government has announced that handball playing will be permitted against the Great Wall of China. All participants however, will have to play the game sideways.

A REAL SNOW JOB

For winter sports enthusiasts headed for the Adirondacks this year it'll be tough sledding—there's no snow. Indoor ice-skating will be about the only thing available and if you like you can skate around for hours on end. No more figure "8's" will be cut this year. It's gone out of style. Now they do it the hard way—two "4's".

SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON

From the *"Fisherman's Guide To Casting"* comes these handy tidbits on reeling in the scaly creatures from the deep:

SHARKS—
biting better than usual this year.

SAILFISH—
always goes the way the wind is blowing.

HERRING—
this one can get you in a pickle.

FLYING FISH—
there's something in the air when they're around.

SMELTS—
very bad especially in the summertime.

BLUETAIL FISH—
your tail will get blue trying to snag one.

WHITEFISH—
sometimes seen in schools with blackfish.

WHALE—
great if you're a one-legged sea captain.

SWORDFISH—
you have to fence awhile with this one.

FLOUNDER—
never steady with this kind of swimmer.

BASS—
you have to string along with this one.

FISHCAKES—
very good with spaghetti on the side.

WHAT A SCORE!

The Little League Baseball Playoff that started in September of this year is still going on. The score at this writing is 983 to 0. It's a little too early to announce the winning team however, as it's only the first inning.

HOW TO SHAPE CLAY

The second Clay-Liston fight is still bringing in comments from all over the nation. One fellow, pointing to Clay's marriage and divorce within one year said that his marriage was the longest fight Clay ever had.

HUNTING BIG GAME IN LAS VEGAS

Tips on how to succeed in the jungle without really going—

Although the world-famous song goes, "Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam and the deer and the antelope play..." there are many people who would prefer not to come home at night to a house full of animals—but would rather hunt for them in the woods.

To this dedicated majority here are several hints on what to watch for when out for the kill. First of all, never trust a charging hippopatamus no matter how friendly he may seem. Then again, beware of sabre-tooth tigers who have caps on their teeth. Their kind can be very dangerous.

By the same token, stay out of the way of a woolly rhinoceros. Underneath it all they have been known to be overly agressive and very tough customers. You should make a note to be cautious of such creatures as wild boars, eager beavers and three-toed sloths—especially if the latter has hangnails. Hairy polar-bears are also on the stay-away-from list as well as coyotes who don't howl and owls who don't give a hoot.

Given these few restrictions there is still enough big game in the country for hunters of every taste and whim. For example, rabbits have been multiplying in popularity over the years. A new and interesting way to catch a rabbit is to stand in the woods and make a noise like a carrot. If this doesn't work, then simply get a key to a Playboy Club.

Also on the "in" list this year, bear hunting has become enormously stylish recently—although a great many hunters prefer to wear at least a pair of jockey shorts. In addition, for the hunter of the offbeat there is always an ibyx, or a unicorn or the ever-popular musk-ox. A rare catch these days is the centaur. This half-man-half-horse creature goes well on the wall of any up-to-date trophy room—more so when there is a stuffed mermaid alongside.

Those whose tastes are more conventional however, prefer the usual run of the mill animals like squirrels, deer, turkeys and many will bend over backwards for an occasional wild goose.

On the whole, game in 1966 will be bigger than game in 1965. This is because they have eaten a lot of hunters who tried to kill them in 1965. Nevertheless, you have to know where to look, what's what and mainly, who's zoo. One thing you should have in back of your mind—if not, you may get it in back of your head—the thing to remember is that should you run into an Elk in the woods you should find out what Lodge he belongs to first before shooting him.

With this in mind, Happy Hunting! In 1966 it will be open season for all creatures—except game wardens, that is. They will be hiding behind trees waiting to give you summonses. Don't despair however. Remember—*you* have a gun too!

AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE shortly before he left the jungle after being bitten by a tse-tse fly.

PEOPLES

"Casting Clyde" Murdock of Tampa, Florida, amazed his shipmates aboard a fishing boat recently when he hooked on to a 450 lb. swordfish with a small improvised rod-and-reel. **Murdock,** who weighs 150 lbs. couldn't pull it in however, and when last seen was floating southward along the Gulf of Mexico.

That great boating champ, "Shipshape Shorty" Ferdgrass of Bangor, Maine, set out in a small canoe last week and rowed directly over the great Niagara Falls as crowds gasped. He was smashed to bits.

Golfer **"Drivin' Don" Schlockman** of Jersey City, had a fantastic day on the golf course last week. In the morning he drove a ball 2000 feet to within an inch of the cup and later that afternoon he drove the ball to a perfect hole-in-one. When he got out of the car however, he couldn't hit the ball to save himself.

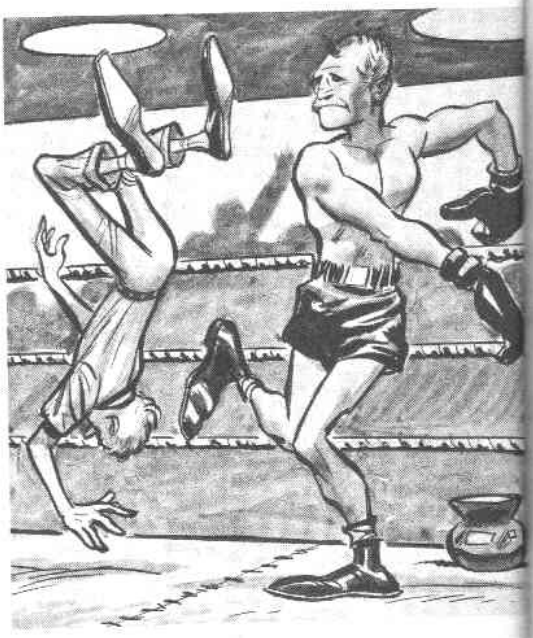
A new record in scuba diving was set last week by **"Fishy Felix" Nutmeg** of Brooklyn, New York, when he stayed underwater for 24 consecutive hours. This will not go into the record books unfortunately, as the time-keeper left shortly after he submerged and he hasn't come up since.

Over on the international scene, famed German pole vaulter **"Leapin' Leo Sfortz** of Munich, hurtled 97 feet in the air with his pole. He beat the world's record but was shot down in mid-flight, as he did it over the wall in East Berlin.

In the world of gymnastics a new record for pushups was set by **"Shovin' Sheldon" Furdlip** of Shelby, Vermont. This lad made 187 consecutive pushups. However, he still couldn't get up off the floor to enter the chinning contest in which he was supposed to be competing.

Weight-lifting **"Hernia Harry" Loomis** of Toledo, Ohio, has been at it again. He caused eyebrows to raise recently when he lifted a weight of 2500 pounds with one hand. He was promptly arrested, as the weight he lifted was the safe from a local jewelry store.

"Swinging Sol" Hotchkiss of Paducah, Kentucky, is one tennis star who has somehow never managed to make the record books due to plain bad luck. In all of his 27 years on the courts he only lost one match. This is because in all of 27 years he only had one match. Nevertheless, he won the amateur championship over his opponent playing with one hand. Luckily his opponent only had one hand or he would've lost for sure.



"Killer Karl" Klinemine, that bang-up welterwight from Vienna, has now scored 86 knockouts in 86 consecutive fights in the ring. Trouble is, they were all referees and not the other fighters. Moreover, he knocked out two opponents in the same night with one single punch. This happened at a party before the fight when he slipped a mickey in the punch bowl. **"Killer Karl"** is a real cutup. He should go a long way and let's hope he makes it over the wall.

It's been hushed up in all the papers but **"Greasy George" Holmsby** of Caspar, Wyoming, recently swam the English Channel nonstop both ways. This set a new world's record. The reason it was quieted down is that they wouldn't let him surface. It seems he forgot to put on his bathing suit.

Another horseracing first was established at Miami's Hialeah Park last week. **"Gallopin' Gus" Glomsby,** a jockey from Amarillo, Texas, crossed the finish line before the other horses had even gotten out of their stalls. Only problem was, he had been entered in the previous race. In fact, they timed him with a calendar.

FOR THE RECORDS

A roundup of sports information for the weak

ARCHERY—A trick exhibition will be held at Madison Square Garden next Thursday. Archer HERMAN BLECH will attempt to shoot an apple from the head of his small son. What makes this so unusual is that the apple will be in his son's mouth.

AUTO RACING—Continuous performances by parking lot attendants all over the nation. Get to the parking lot nearest you and join in as a spectator if you haven't got your own car.

BOATING—The annual International Boating Tournament will take place on the Hudson River in New York City early next July. That is, if it's a nice day. If not, it will be postponed until next year and Bingo will be played in back of the boathouse instead.

BULL FIGHTING—A real old-fashioned bull fight will be held in the Senate Arena in Washington, D.C. shortly before next Election Day. Two U.S. Senators will throw the bull around and it promises to be a big fight.

CHESS—The International Chess Tournament that was supposed to have been played by mail in two different countries has been postponed indefinitely one of the players ran out of stamps.

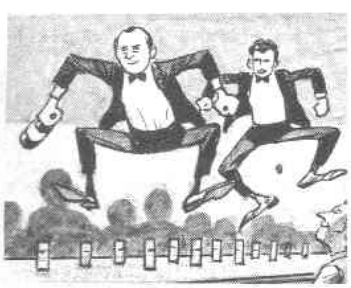
CORN HUSKING—A corn husking event is scheduled to be held at Lindy's Restaurant in New York City sometime in December. Several Broadway comedians have already been lined up to throw the corn around.

FIREARMS—The Firearms Shooters Championship scheduled for the Hollywood Bowl next month has been postponed indefinitely. One of the champion shooters was shot when the gun he was cleaning went off in his mouth.

FLY—CASTING—Casting is now being held for a fly to play an important part in a Hollywood monster movie now being made. All talented flies should report to their agents for full details.

HANDBALL—A handball game will be played against the Berlin Wall next May Day. Anyone who hits it over the wall will not be permitted to get it unless he wants to enter the skeet shooting tournament at the same time.

HOCKEY—The championship hockey playoffs between the Harvard Hockers and the Yale Keys has been postponed. Some clown from Columbia stole the puck.



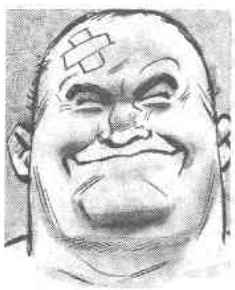
HOP SCOTCH—JOE E. LEWIS and DEAN MARTIN will play a game of Hop Scotch at the Copacabana bar on New Year's Eve. The one who can still hop after the scotch is down will be declared the winner.

ROPING—The Wild West Roping Contest was thrown for a loop last week when some wise guy tied knots in all the ropes. When questioned he said that somebody gave him a bum steer.

ORGY—For news of this sport send self-addressed envelope in care of this magazine.

FACES IN THE MOB

BENNY SNODGRASS, a hockey player from Montreal, skated the entire length of the court, thru the other team to the goalpost on only one leg. As it turned out, he didn't have the puck.



TONY PLOTNICK, the talk of the wrestling world, last week took on six evenly matched opponents in the ring at the same time. Unfortunately, he was only able to defeat five of them.

SHIRLEY FINSTER, famed woman bowler from Kansas City, was responsible for 87 straight strikes last week. They were all picket lines outside of the City's bowling alleys.

SIDNEY HOPPLE, the auto-racing star, made news driving his home-made roadster 195 miles an hour. It was just too bad that the road he was driving on was only 194 miles long.

ROLLO SNERD of Wilmington, Delaware, this week made a broad jump 32 feet in the air. He was promptly arrested as the broad he made jump insisted on pressing charges.

CREDITS

1, 2, 3—O'Leary; 49—Gold Rush; 36, 28, 38—Jayne Mansfield; 57—H. J. Heinz; '68—G. O. P.; 23—Skidoo; 7, 11—Snake Eyes; 39—Jack Benny; 76—Trombones; 52—Cards; 76—The Spirit.

79th HOLE
THE READERS TAKE COVER

BOOBY-PRIZEFIGHTING

Sir:
I'd like to see boxing abolished. It's plain *barbaric*. A person can get *killed* in the ring. Boxing is a *disgrace*, I tell you, and should be abolished immediately.

Sonny Liston

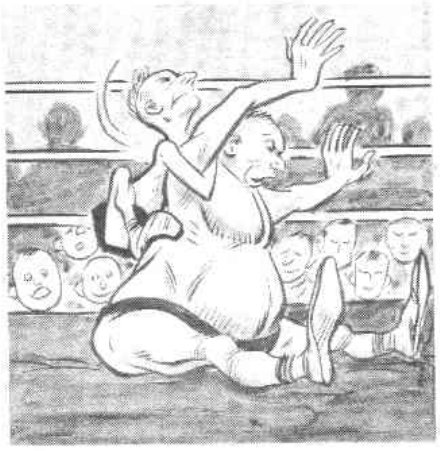
Miami, Fla.

HALF-NELSON BETTER'N NONE

Sir:
I want to register my gripe against wrestling! It's phony, that's what it is! I used to be a wrestling bug but I got so disgusted I gave it up. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a big fat fake!

Gorgeous George

Hollywood, Cal.



SHAPE OF THINGS TO GO

Sir:
I don't care what the majority of people say. I predict the *Mets* will win the pennant next year. I also predict that *Sonny Liston* will knock out *Cassius Clay* the next time they meet. You may remember me. I'm the guy who predicted that *Goldwater* would win in a landslide.

Sam Predictor

Gallup, New Mexico

SPORTS AU-GO-GO

Sir:
Why do they still call it *bob-sledding?* After all, it's a sophisticated sport and I think it should be called *robert-sledding*. I can't stand nicknames. They're in poor taste.

"Killer Joe" Piro

New York, N. Y.

CALL ME IRRESPONSIBLE

Sir:
Names mean nothing in the world of sports. I ask you, *what's in a name?* If you're a good sport it doesn't matter what your name is.

Y.A. Tittle

New York, N. Y.

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER

Sir:
You people like to think that you cover every sport in your magazine. Well, you don't. There's *one sport* you never had an article on. I should know. It's an indoor sport and I'm the master of it.

Frank Sinatra

Hollywood, Cal.

MOMENT OF TRUTH

Sir:
People are always asking why *bullfighting*, which is so popular in foreign countries, doesn't come to the United States. These people should wake up. We've had bullfighting in America ever since our nation began. Just watch our politicians at election time.

I. Raitt Citizen

Washington, D. C.

JAPANESE SCANDALS

Sir:
I read all about those terrible scandals our *Olympic team* had in Japan last year. It's disgusting. Such carryings on by people in the limelight should not be tolerated. I mean the whole world was watching them and they should have set a better example.

Richard Burton

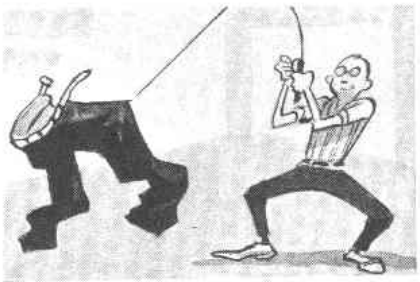
Puerta Vallarta, Mexico

SOMETHING VERY FISHY

Sir:
Lately I've become very much interested in sports. My particular favorite is *fly-casting*. This is only natural for me as I happen to be a tailor in Hollywood

S. Devore

Hollywood, Cal.



NOT ON THE LEVEL

Sir:
I'm a *pole-vaulter* and I tell you this sport has more ups and downs in it than any one I know. So what if you get to the top? Can you stay there? It's all downhill if you ask me!

Sam Clodd

Makesme, Ill.

PROOF IS IN PUDDING

Sir:
I read every part of your magazine each and every issue. I never put it down until I'm all finished. I go over every word with infinite scrutiny. It's not that I like your magazine, you nuts, but I happen to be your *proofreader!*

I. Readum

Thats, Ala.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINK

The Track Meet

Art by Vic Martin

Billie

MOVIE SPOOF

Don't let the title of this movie fool you. It's not a story about a goat. Actually, Billie happens to be a teenage tomboy. It's almost the same thing though, as tomboys usually get your goat. This tomboy however, is different as she's charmingly played by little Patty Duke. You all know Patty —she plays two girls on her weekly television show. In this picture she plays a combination boy and girl. Rumor has it that her next film will be the title role in "The Prince And The Pauper" in which she'll play two boys. Who knows? Someday she may get the lead in "Doctor Jekyll And Mr. Hyde."

In this movie Patty co-stars with Warren Berlinger who almost walks off with the picture. It seems he accidentally put the can of film in his attache case. Also co-starring is Jim Backus, known to millions as the voice of Mr. Magoo. In the trade he's known as the Man With 1000 Voices. All during the shooting of this film they kept yelling for him to shut up. Jane Greer plays his wife. She was once married to Rudy Vallee and got a nice fat settlement. Her favorite picture is "How Green Was My Vallee." Another featured player is funnyman Billy De Wolfe, who has people laughing yet from the last film he was in. Dick Sargent rounds out the cast. This is because he's been putting on a lot of weight lately.

No matter which way you slice it, Billie is a 100% teenage movie. This means no matter how bad it is it'll make money. You can say it's another "Beach Party" without the sand. This movie has everything in it—comedy, music, dancing. About the only thing that's missing is a story line. But they don't need it here. It gets in the way of the plot.

The Executive Producer is none other than Peter Lawford. He's out producing pictures in Hollywood now as he *still* can't find an apartment in New York. Don Weis is the wise guy who produced and directed Billie. The screenplay is by Ron Alexander who did so well on it they're now calling him Alexander The Great. On the other hand, the music is by Dominic Frontiere and it's a little strange for a modern-day picture to have Frontiere music.

To further give credit where credit is due, Billie is a Chrislaw Production in Technicolor For United Artists Release. But now, to put the blame where the blame is due, here is Paul Laikin's very SICK Review of the whole thing...

Billie Carol *(PATTY DUKE)* is a tomboyish teenager who can jump higher, throw farther and run faster than any of the boys on her high school decathlon team. Because she's the only girl on the team she *has* to run faster. Nevertheless, her being there presents quite a problem—especially when they all get to the shower room after the meet. They soon get over this when they find Billie is all tomboy. Every inch of her is pure athletic. She's even got athlete's feet. Seems her father wanted a boy and her mother wanted a girl and now they're both disappointed. Not that she isn't nice but it's hard to find dates for her. Because she runs so fast, boys figure they haven't got a sporting chance.

To make things worse, she has this big English Sheep dog for a pet. The dog is athletic too. He won't make on any paper but the Sporting News. She uses the dog to pace her track practice. Wouldn't you know—she beats the dog by a few laps.

Billie's father, Howard Carol *(JIM BACKUS)* is upset by the whole thing. Mainly he's upset because he's not the star of the picture. However, he happens to be running for Mayor on a "Male Supremacy" platform. He believes a woman's place is in the home. He's not old-fashioned—he doesn't care *whose* home the woman is in—as long as they are obscene and not heard.

When Billie refuses to leave the team, he has to shift to an "Everybody Should Do What They Want To Do" platform. This establishes him as a real politician as he proves he's very shifty. And so, together with his campaign manager, Matt Bullitt *(DICK SARGENT)*, his wife, Agnes *(JANE GREER)* and his older daughter, Jean *(SUSAN SEAFORTH)* he even congratulates Billie for winning a track meet. Billie really outdid herself in this one. She ran so fast she came in two yards ahead of the rope.

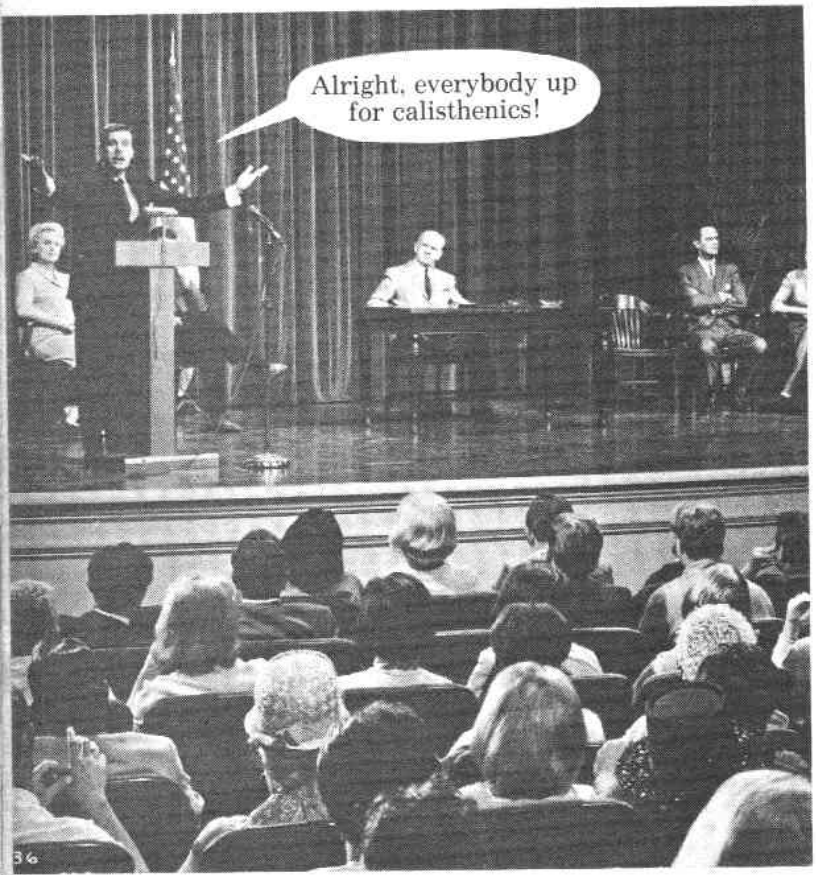
The reason Billie is such an athletic success is that she's got a subconscious musical "beat" which picks up speed. You can say she was born with a silver swoon in her mouth. Anyway, this "beat" makes her able to do everything fast. When she eats she's the only person who can get sparks out of a knife and fork. In order to speed up the courtship with her boy friend, Mike *(WARREN BERLINGER)* she teaches him the "beat" so he can outshine the other boys—but still take second place to Billie. *"Beats me,"* he says while he's learning it. *"Beat it, "* she says when he starts to rush things a little too fast.

It isn't long before Mike becomes unhappy playing second fiddle to a girl—especially when her "beat" is so much faster than his. Besides, he figures they've been running around together too much. He then demands that she leave the team and let him—a male—take the honors in future meets. Billie refuses and at the next meet she beats the bejabbers. out of him. This makes him even more unhappy as he wanted to keep his bejabbers. Thus, as Mike gets tired of always lagging behind Billie's skirt-tails, their romance starts to cool off.

To add to Billie's troubles, things get worse at home after a freak accident takes place. It seems that Billie was in the middle of a high pole-vaulting jump when her father, who was standing too close, got in the way and she landed kerplunk right on top of him. This got a real big howl—mainly from her father who was pinned underneath.

To make things even worse, a photographer happened to get a picture of the tumble and soon it appeared on the cover of a national magazine. They even got a caption to go with it, *"High School Girl Lands Sugar Daddy!"*

To a man running for Mayor, an undignified picture like this spells disaster. Quick to use it as a smear tactic is the incumbent Mayor David *(BILLY DE WOLFE)* who plays one of the finest politicians money can buy. In a town hall debate a few days before election, it becomes a campaign issue. Soon there's so much rock-throwing that the people figure whoever wins it's going to be a landslide. To add to the trouble, a rumor circulates that Billie's sister Jean is going to have a baby. It doesn't surprise anybody, as Jean is the exact opposite of Billie and can't run too fast when the boys chase her.



As it turns out, Jean *is* going to have a baby but it's all right as she's been secretly married for more than a year. In fact, it was so secret even the groom didn't know about it. The truth so delights the townspeople that Billie's father is elected by a sweeping majority. Even his opponent chucks it all and votes for him.

This leaves only the problem of whether or not Billie and Mike will get together again. If you want to find out go see the picture. All that can be said is the ending will leave you breathless. By this is meant, when you see it you'll be rushing out of the theatre!

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINK

Crossing Guard

Art by Vic Martin

SiMON SEZ:

by Joe Simon

This is our Special Sports Issue highlighting the fading football season and we really had to rush and kick and cover a lot of ground to get it out before Winter. There was much fumbling around and passing the ball to reach our goal. It was a rough deadline but we made it. And we just got in under the wire. In fact, our publisher had the wire out ready to strangle us if we didn't come through. If you think it's easy putting out 52 pages of hilarious humor practically every month you're sicker than we are. Believe us, it isn't easy—we only wish we could do it!

This issue salutes the world of sports and is climaxed by our parody of *Sports Ill-Stated*—a magazine which took 3 weeks to write, 4 weeks to illustrate, 5 weeks to produce and we figure about 6 months to live down.

INNER CIRCLE KIT

For those of you who've been writing in to request the *SICK Inner*

Circle Button, we'd like to announce that they'll soon be available as part of a complete *Inner Circle Kit*. This Kit will consist of a whole bunch of SICK paraphanalia that you'll really get a charge out of. The charge will be very small however, considering all the bonuses, so watch for the big announcement shortly. Remember—you're not "in" unless you have a complete *SICK "Inner Circle" Kit*...

Because we go to press pretty well in advance, this issue does not contain the new Classic-Fried column that was announced in our last issue. We're getting letters in all the time and many of them will be printed in that column. If there's anything you've got that you'd like to sell or swap—or maybe you'd just like to correspond with other Sick-ites—be sure you tell us about it in plenty of time to get a listing. There is no charge. If you wait too long, then who knows—maybe SICK itself will be sold by then...

SICK WRITER MAKES GOOD

Dee Caruso (remember him?) who is responsible for so many of the SICK literary gems is lending his literary talents to TV (Get Smart,

Next: HEROES IN LONG UNDERWEAR

In the future we're planning to devote complete issues to other areas of our culture that we feel belong in SICK. The next one will feature *The Union Suit Boys*—namely, the vast army of adventure comic book heroes who have recently become popular again due to the current Pop Art craze. We're going to take you behind-the-scenes of one of the Marvel-ous outfits that turn out these adventure books. There you'll get the full lowdown on the fantastic story behind the fantastic stories you read about. So stay with us and keep sending in those letters. If you have any subjects you think would make fascinating one-shot issues just send them in. Remember—we're here to please you. Also remember—we run out of ideas ourselves at times. Mainly remember—our publisher stops bugging us whenever he sees a big sack of mail being brought into the SICK office. Now, with that out of the way, here are this month's SICK announcements that might be of interest to you...

Smothers Brothers, Dick Tracy and George Burns) Dee wrote to us during the recent California riot:

"I'm living in the Hollywood Hills on stilts. The rioting is in the Watts Section of Los Angeles. The amazing thing is that Watts is a lot like Westchester...

If you can picture Westchester with palm trees—that's Watts. Los Angeles is like three Newarks.

The people in the riot area are having a field day. They have invented a new audience participation game—someone throws a Molotov cocktail into a Safeway market and then everyone sees how much food you can carry out before the store burns down.

SICK is distributed out here at supermarkets—in fact, one Safeway market reported everything they had in the store was looted and the looters left six copies of SICK. Don't worry Joe, they had 15 in there before the looting began....."

Thanks for the report, Dee. We'd order the blender and the portable cookout from you but we deal with local looters to avoid the mail rap.

Profile: BILL MAJESKI

Bill Majeski is another member of the Sick Rogue's Gallery of contributors. His work is on view in this issue. He is on view periodically, visiting hours Wednesday and Saturday, 3 to 5 p.m.

Majeski's comedy material has been used by such performers as Phyllis Diller, Steve Allen, Charlie Manna, Roger Price, Jim Backus and other. He has *NOT* written for Pancho Villa, Smokey The Bear, Ambrose Bierce, General Custer and The Singing Lady.

In addition to his comedy writing, Majeski has written the incidental dialogue for one of New York City's most celebrated autopsies. He wrote the well-known song *"Has Anybody Seen Miguel?"* and is now busily engaged writing a musical comedy about The Bubonic Plague.

Famed as a writer of pamphlets, his controversial topics include *"Who Stole Peter Stuyvesant's Wooden Leg and Made Him Hopping Mad?"* and a self-help booklet called *"Open Up Your Own Drive-In Crematorium."*

A former semi-pro athlete, Majeski was the first man to organize a Kiss Football team and starred in his team's opening game against the Radio City Rockettes when he brought down a shapely halfback with a bone-jarring kiss at the midfield stripe.

The creator of edible hurricane lamps, Bill has also achieved a certain degree of fame as a designer of wind tunnels. Before turning to writing, he made a fine living as a used scarab salesman. Earlier, he ran an underground sauna bath for rotund ingenues.

Although basically even-tempered he is known in the New York area for his famous fist fight with a belligerent bluebird, which left him with a feeling of vindictiveness towards birds of all kinds. He retaliated after losing the fight, by training a bunch of homing pigeons, setting them off on a round-trip journey—and then moving.

Known for his indecision, Bill traces his trouble back to his adolescence when he believed the Valentines that girls sent him. He spent several of his formative years in the Connecticut Home for the Uncertain.

Majeski and his wife, Mary, a former carhop at Woodlawn Cemetery, have four children—Martha Ann, Kathy, Billy and Bobby.

He lives in Utter Desolation, Connecticut, where he raises eyebrows.

One of the more popular hobbies among the younger set is bubble-gum-card collecting. The bubble-gum-card pictures vary from baseball players to the Beatles and other monsters. But the one thing all these cards have in common is that they all picture famous people. We feel that this is unfair. There ought to be cards for the ordinary, average, every-day clod.

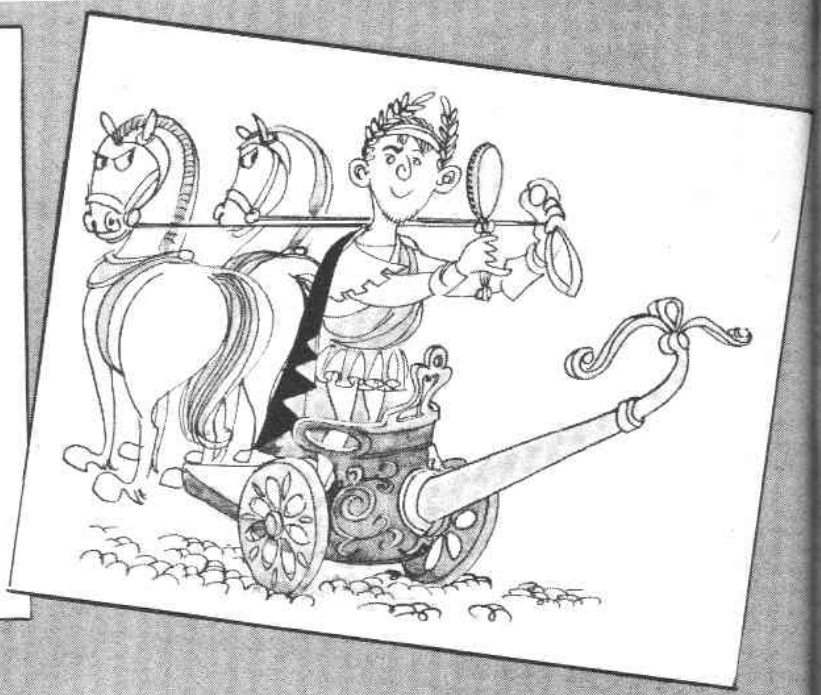
So, on behalf of the ordinary clods of the world, we present—

SICK'S CLOD CARDS

Ben Hernia

Ht.: 8'1" Wt.: 180 lbs.
Occupation: Hauler
Born:
Home: Rome.

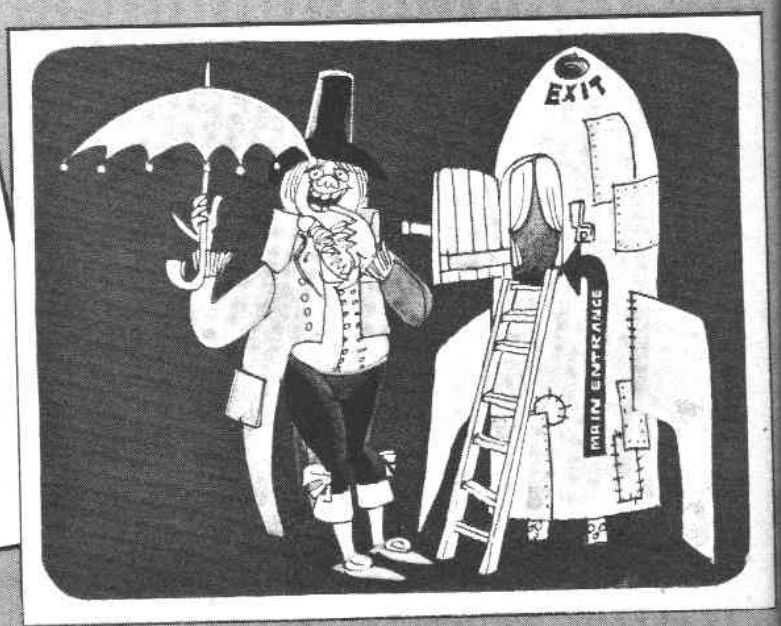
Ben was another man who was way ahead of his time. He thought he could get his chariot to go faster by putting the horses in the rear, instead of in front. This plan backfired when he tried to deliver the first load with his new chariot. The load was, unfortunately, three bushels of apples. The last time anyone saw Ben, his horses were still trying to catch up to the chariot and it's delicious cargo.



Orville Flite

Ht.: 5'8" Wt.: 36 oz.
Occupation: Idiot
Born: 1802
Home: Eagle's Beak, Va

Orville created a vehicle that is considered to be the "grand-daddy" of all our modern rockets. Even though airplanes weren't yet invented, Orville decided to fly to the moon in his home-made missile. Whether or not he would have made it may never be known, because the shipment of rubber bands he ordered never arrived. Some people feel that it is just as well that they didn't arrive, because of the inferior cardboard he used in building his ship.

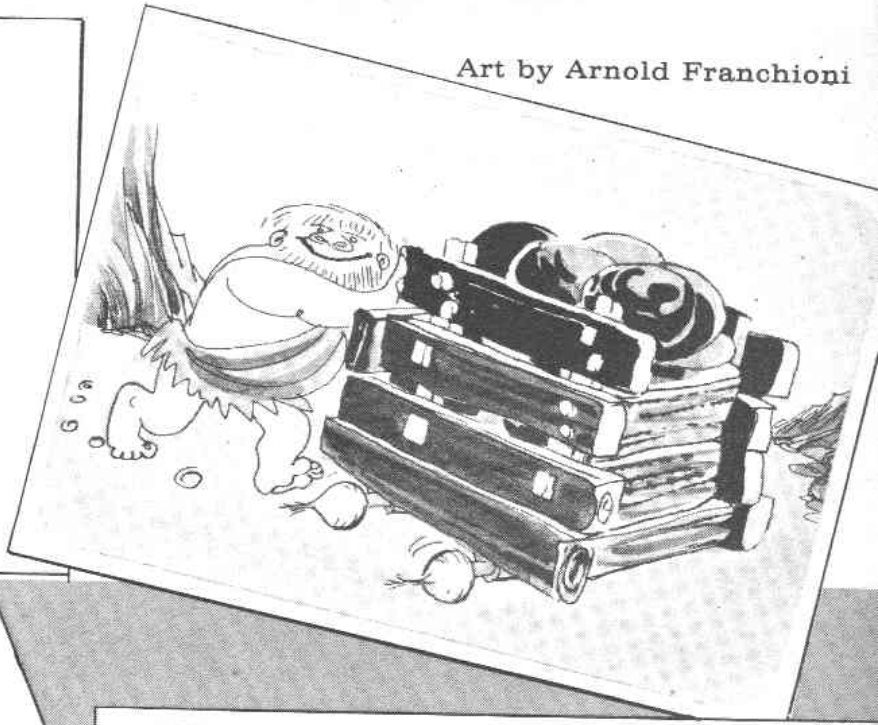


Boom-Boom Dinklehoffer

Ht.: 3'1" Wt.: 487 lbs.
Occupation: Inventor
Born: 7438 B.C.
Home: Rocky Cavern, Stalagmania.

Boom-Boom just missed being famous with his invention—The wheel. His only mistake was building it in the shape of a turnip. For this very minor error, he was deeply criticized by his friends and finally ended his misery by drowning himself in his next invention—fire!

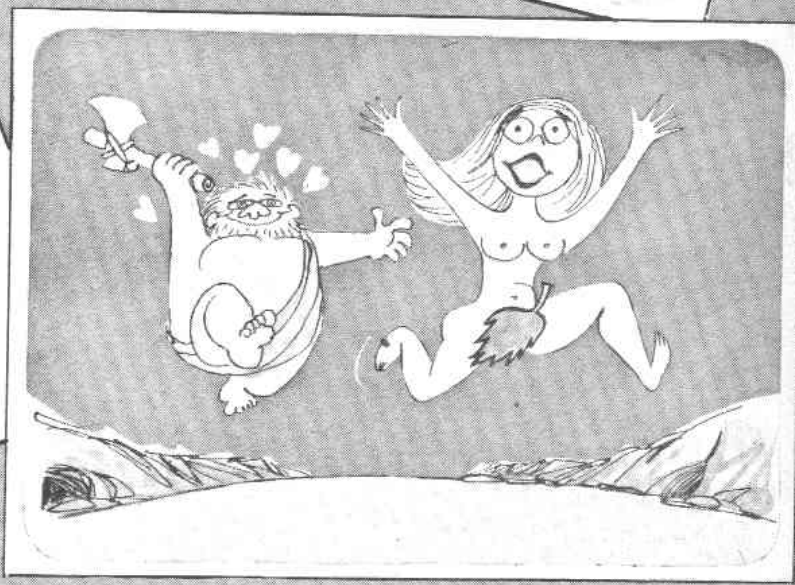
Art by Arnold Franchioni



George Chiseler

Ht.: 5'11" Wt.: 511 lbs.
Occupation: Sculptor
Born: 511 B.C.
Home: Chicken Fat, Greece.

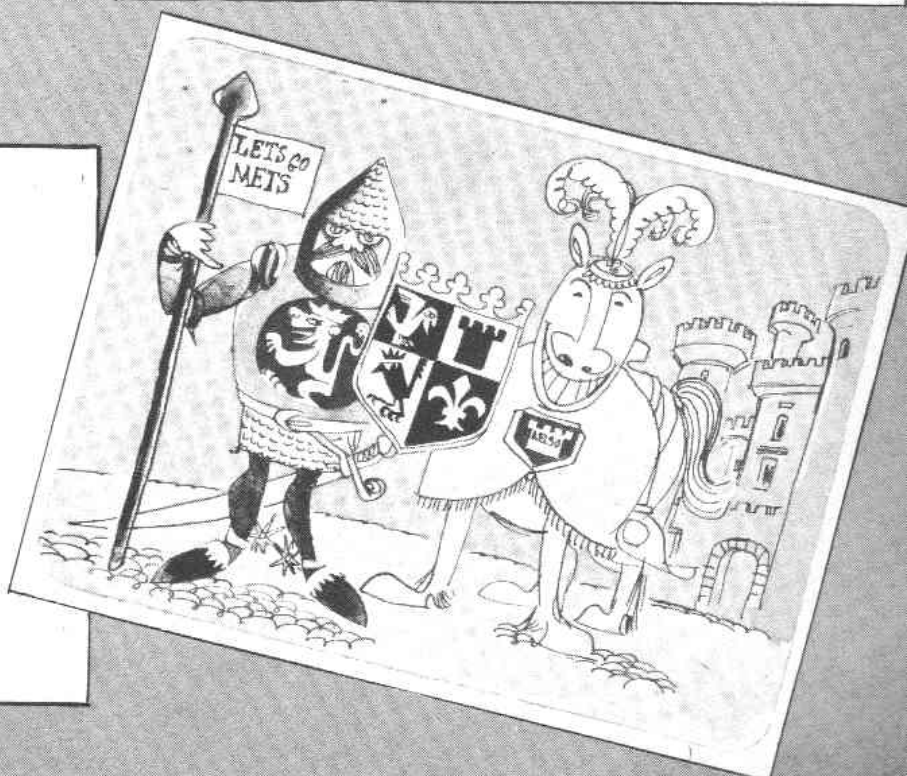
Few people realize that it was George who was mainly responsible for one of the most famous statues of all time. George had trouble sculpturing because his model kept chewing her finger 'nails. One day, in a fit of uncontrollable rage, George cured her of her habit. A few years later, this same model posed for the famous statue of Venus de Milo.



Sir Dancellot

Ht.: 4'8" Wt.: 103 lbs.
Occupation: Knight
Born: 1248
Home: Liverpool, England.

Sir Dancellot is the only knight in the world who never slayed a dragon, saved a damsel in distress, or got invited to join King Arthur's famed Round Table. This, of course, made him very angry, and he became known as a "cold and bitter knight."



Gaston DeGaulle

Ht.: 6' 2" Wt.: 97 lbs. Occupation: Dueler Born: 1743 Home: Paree

Gaston was possibly the greatest dueler that ever lived. His skill with a sword may never be equaled. Gaston lost only one duel. Unfortunately, it was also his first duel.

Wah-Tah-Jerk

Ht.: 7'4" Wt.: 145 lbs.
Occupation: Architect
Born: 3918 B.C.
Home: Pyramid Heights, Egypt.

Wah-Tah-Jerk was given the original contract to build the Sphinx. Unfortunately, Wah-Tah was 6,000 years before his time. The monstrosity he created would be considered a Pop-art masterpiece today. But the ancient Egyptians just didn't have any taste when it came to art, and they condemned his excellent work. As a matter of fact, one Egyptian is supposed to have said, "This Sphinx stinks!"

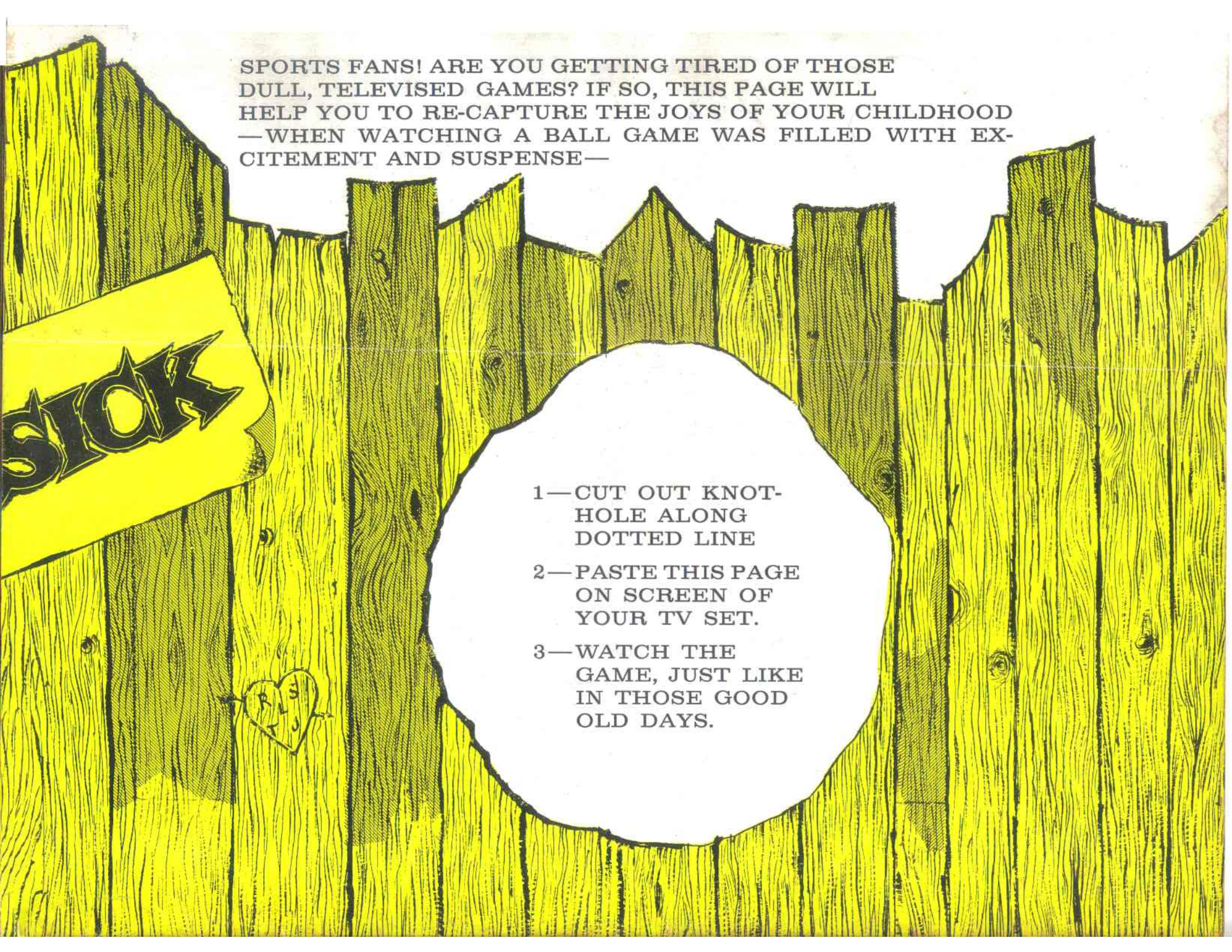
John Doe

Ht.: 5'10½" Wt.: 178.4 lbs.
Occupation: Factory worker
Born: 1920
Home: Suburbia.

John was termed "Mr. Average-American Male of 1965" by the U.S. Census Bureau. He works a 38-hour week in a factory, has 5 children (2 of each), owns 1.38 cars, lives in a 9½ room house, and makes $3,472 a year less than he spends. His hobbies are collecting bubble-gum cards and reading Sick Magazine.

I'd say you weighed about a 110...

Are you sure this is a Walt Disney picture?


SICK
SPORTS FANS! ARE YOU GETTING TIRED OF THOSE DULL, TELEVISED GAMES? IF SO, THIS PAGE WILL HELP YOU TO RE-CAPTURE THE JOYS OF YOUR CHILDHOOD —WHEN WATCHING A BALL GAME WAS FILLED WITH EXCITEMENT AND SUSPENSE—
1—CUT OUT KNOT-HOLE ALONG DOTTED LINE
2—PASTE THIS PAGE ON SCREEN OF YOUR TV SET.
3—WATCH THE GAME, JUST LIKE IN THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS.